

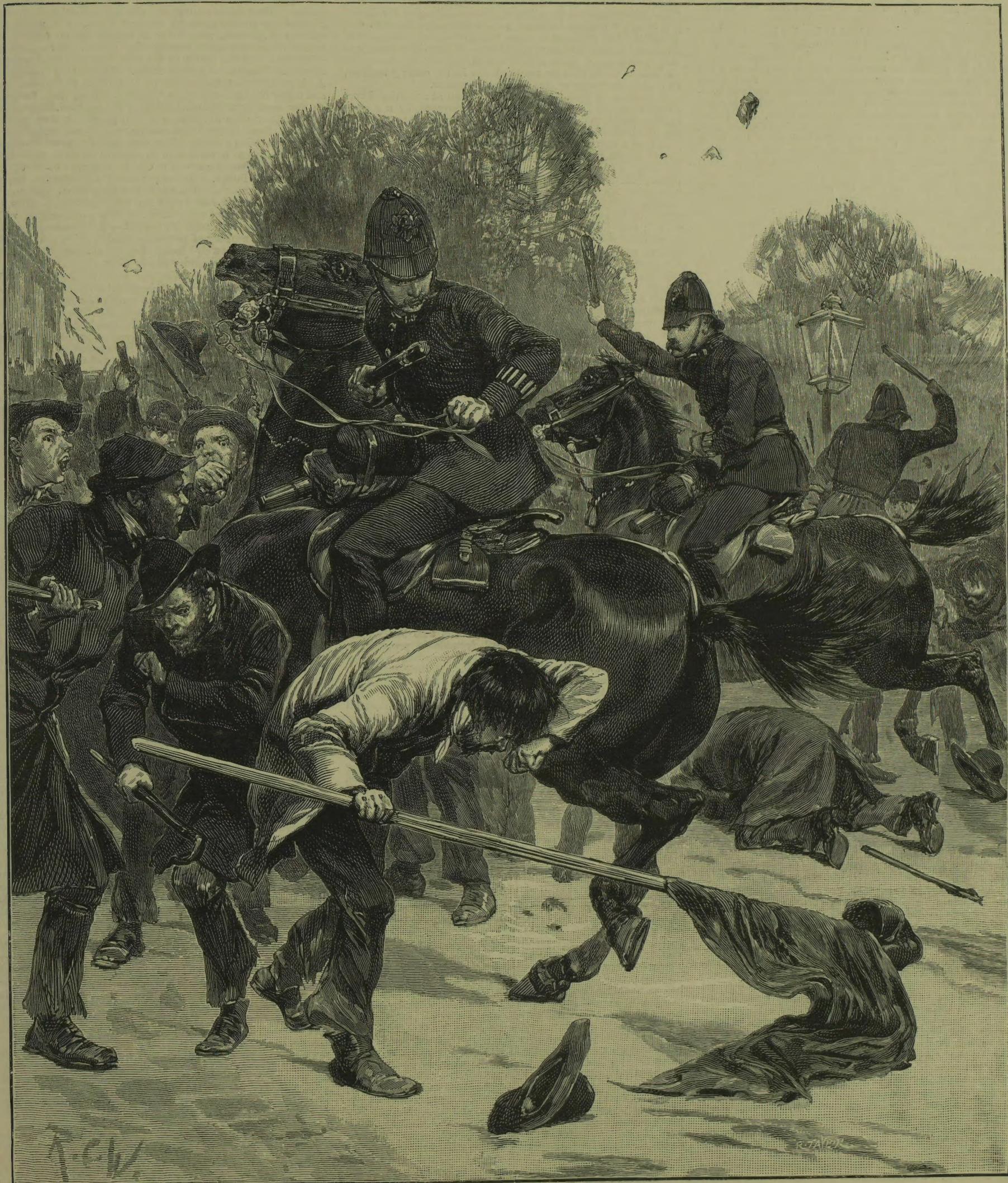
# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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MEETINGS OF THE UNEMPLOYED IN LONDON.—THE POLICE AND THE MOB: LOWERING THE RED FLAG IN HYDE PARK.

## THE "UNEMPLOYED" IN LONDON.

During the past two or three weeks Londoners have been again made anxious for the safety and good order of the streets west of Charing-cross, and from the Strand to Hyde Park, Mayfair, and Oxford-street, which it was feared might be disturbed, as in February last year, by riotous and outrageous bands of men and boys drawn together at the open-air meetings of the "unemployed," pretending to dictate to the Government measures for the relief of the distressed labouring classes. The "Social Democratic Federation," with which Mr. Hyndman is connected, demands that the Government shall undertake to establish workshops and to cultivate waste lands on a vast scale, at the expense of the taxpayers, to give remunerative employment, wages, and food at public tables, to all who apply, and that they shall further have the profits, if there be any, divided among them. This is precisely what the Socialists of Paris demanded after the Revolution of 1848, when the experiment was tried and failed in a few months, and the result was a fierce and sanguinary conflict, in June of that year, costing several hundred lives. It is certain that the adoption of any such measures by the State must inevitably produce a great increase of misery and destitution, by paralysing ordinary trade and industry, and by collecting in the metropolis, with exaggerated hopes of advantage, enormously augmented numbers of the poor, and of idle and unsettled characters, from all parts of the country.

The meetings recently assembled in London have not been formidable by their numbers; but the Metropolitan Police, under the direction of Sir Charles Warren, have been constantly occupied in preventing the movements of masses through the streets, all processions being strictly forbidden. Last week, after the Monday, the meetings were not allowed in Trafalgar-square, but took place daily in Hyde Park. On Sunday and Monday last, for some reason not explained, the police refrained from interfering with them in Trafalgar-square, which seems, next, perhaps, to the space in front of the Bank and Royal Exchange, the most unsuitable place in London for any popular meeting. That locality, with Charing-cross, Northumberland-avenue, West Strand, Cockspur-street, and Pall-mall East, contains shops and hotels rented at high prices, the owners of which must lose a great part of their custom by such occurrences frightening away the visitors in the best hours of the day. If the loss were reckoned only at £100,000 during the few weeks of continued agitation, London would be so much deprived of the means of affording employment to industrious classes; and it cannot be doubted that many families from the country, who would spend money in London, will be deterred from coming up at this season by fear of annoyance. Who would care to bring a party of ladies and children to an hotel at Charing-cross, with the chance of their exit and entrance being blockaded, all the afternoon, by a noisy and violent mob, with swarms of pick-pockets and bullies hanging on its outskirts, and with bands of window-breakers and predators of open shops waiting their opportunity for an inroad towards the West-End? The experience of Feb. 8, 1886, was a warning of this danger that cannot so soon be forgotten.

On Sunday last, there being no shops open, and little street traffic at Charing-cross on that day, the promoters of social alarm could only find a way of disturbing respectable people by invading Westminster Abbey during the afternoon service. When the agitators arrived, shortly after half-past one, from Clerkenwell-green, where they had been holding an early meeting, they were allowed to enter Trafalgar-square without the slightest opposition. There were, however, strong bodies of police kept in readiness in Scotland-yard and in Spring-gardens. It is also understood that three companies of Grenadier Guards were posted at St. George's Barracks in addition to the troops ordinarily stationed there. The procession, at the head of which walked a man carrying a red flag, seemed to be composed chiefly of youths and boys, many of whom carried sticks, which they flourished in a menacing manner, but there were few who could be regarded as working-men. Immediately as they entered the square, which was approached by St. Martin's-lane, the leaders of the crowd mounted the base of the Nelson Column, and began speaking to an audience which gradually increased till it numbered some thousands. It had been expected that large contingents would arrive from the East-End, by way of the City, Fleet-street, and the Strand; but none such appeared, and the only organised body that marched into the square was that which came from Clerkenwell-green. With the exception of an ugly rush here and there, the proceedings were orderly. At a quarter to three a large contingent left the square and went down Whitehall to the Abbey, where, in front of the north door, a strong force of police were stationed; in a minute or two St. Margaret's churchyard was thronged with a crowd, which surged up against the north entrance. Some two or three hundred gained an entrance this way, and as many more through the doorway in Poet's Corner, after which the doors were shut. As soon as it was found that no more would be admitted, a meeting was improvised in the churchyard, with a self-elected chairman in the person of the Rev. Stewart Headlam, who delivered a long speech, in which he said that the unemployed were perfectly right in the course they were pursuing. He was followed by Mr. Bateman, a Socialist leader, Oldland, who is out on bail on a charge of rioting in Hyde Park, and other speakers. While this was in progress Canon Rowse, one of the officiating clergy in the Abbey, had left the building, and, mounting a chair beneath the north porch, gathered round him a large crowd, to whom he delivered an address of twenty minutes' duration, uttering a few plain truths which were not relished by his auditors, though they maintained a respectful demeanour. The rev. gentleman pointed out that, as a rule, the rich were always ready to assist the poor when distress was brought under their notice. Nothing, he urged, was to be done by shouting in the streets, making a disturbance, and creating confusion, for by such means they simply neutralised the efforts of those who were trying to serve them. An allusion to the necessity of cultivating brotherly love, Christian fellowship, and charity, elicited cries of "We don't want charity"; but this was almost the only interruption. The meeting in the churchyard continued some time longer, evidently becoming of a more excited character, and there was talk of resisting the police.

Inside the Abbey, the pews being already filled by the ordinary congregation, the passages were crowded with those from the Trafalgar-square meeting, who entered just as the service was about to begin, many staring about them in amazement as they advanced. A few kept on their hats, but on a hint from the verger they were taken off. As the service proceeded, some put them on again, and wore them until the service was over. While the First Lesson, which was quite inaudible at a short distance from the lectern, was being read, there were cries of "Speak up," replied to by counter cries of "Order, there" from some of the ordinary congregation. Between the Lessons a number of the "unemployed," who had marched into the north transept, faced about, and went in procession out of the Abbey, either having had enough of the service or not being able to make anything of it. Before

the Second Lesson, a disturbance arose in the Poet's Corner among the demonstrators who had entered from that quarter, and various exclamations were uttered, which were again responded to with cries of "Order, there." This was followed by a further commotion at the north entrance, caused by the crowd outside struggling and clamouring for admittance. The hymn sung after the third collect was Cowper's hymn, "Hark, my soul, it is the Lord," and was listened to with much attention. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Protheroe, Sub-Dean and Canon in Residence, from the words: "Be not overcome of evil; but overcome evil with good." The preacher's voice was quite inaudible a few yards from the pulpit; but some of those who were nearest to the Canon called out occasionally, "Hear, hear," while others who were more distant, and could not possibly know what was said, groaned. One who was too far from the pulpit to gather any idea of the sermon, called out, "Salvation." Another shouted, "We want work; work we must have"; and a third added, "Charity we don't want." There were a few other cries during the sermon, such as "Preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ," "I have got no dinner to-day," and the like; and at one time during the sermon a tumult arose in the Poet's Corner, which seemed to threaten to become serious. Many of the congregation jumped upon their seats to see what was going on, and some continued standing during the rest of the service. After a minute or two the disturbance subsided. Wesley's anthem, "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them," was sung; a profound silence prevailed through the audience. When the first commotion arose many of the well-disposed of the congregation had left the Abbey. When the service was over, a number of them cleared out before the demonstrators could leave. The latter marched out in an orderly manner, and made their way again to Trafalgar-square.

The meeting held on Clerkenwell-green at an earlier hour, about noon, on Sunday morning, was convened by a society calling itself the London Patriotic Club, "to protest against the conduct of the police in connection with the recent gatherings of the unemployed and the violent suppression of public meetings, and to demand the immediate dismissal of Sir Charles Warren, and the appointment of a civilian in his place." Among the speakers were Dr. and Mrs. Aveling, the Secularist lecturers. The speeches were delivered from a waggon at the right of the Sessions House, facing the Patriotic Club. A large body of police completely surrounded the crowd; and just before the proceedings commenced a number of mounted police arrived, and, amid the hooting of the crowd, took up positions at the right and left of the waggon. After the speeches and resolutions, a youth appeared carrying a red flag, and a procession formed, which, headed by the flag-bearer, marched off in the direction of Trafalgar-square. About fifty mounted patrol and a large number of constables accompanied the procession. On Monday a deputation from this meeting was received at the Home Office by Mr. Lushington, the Permanent Under-Secretary, who promised to inquire into their complaints. They had called at Scotland-yard on the Friday, but did not see the Chief Commissioner of Police.

The meetings in Hyde Park, on the Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday of last week, did not pass off without riots and severe conflicts. The police allowed the meetings to be held, but opposed every attempt to march out of the park in procession, and to make a demonstration of force either in Oxford-street from the Marble Arch gate, or in the streets adjacent to Grosvenor-square and Mayfair, where so much havoc was wrought by the mob eighteen months ago. On the Tuesday afternoon, about three o'clock, there was a disorderly crowd of two or three thousand, led by a boy with a red flag, which a man had given him to carry. They were not permitted to go out in this manner through the gate, one of the small gates in Bayswater-road, and they threw stones at the police and struck them with sticks, having torn branches off the trees and broken some iron hurdles. On the Wednesday there was a more serious riot. The usual meeting, with a red flag for its signal, was held near the "Reformers' Tree," after which about two thousand men and boys went out by Grosvenor-gate into Park-lane, which they crossed, and got into South Audley-street. The main body of the crowd passed down Hill-street into Berkeley-square, where, being reinforced by parties who had chosen more circuitous routes, it assumed formidable proportions. The police recognised the danger of allowing so large a muster of excited men to pass on into Piccadilly. Making a stand at the south-western corner of Berkeley-square, they charged the people, scattering them into the surrounding streets. The constables both inflicted and received some injuries. A small section of the crowd poured into Dover-street. At the foot of that thoroughfare a number of police were posted; they charged the approaching crowd and attempted to drive them back. Those whom they assailed, being as afraid of retiring as of advancing, irresolutely held their ground. Interpreting their action as one of defiance, the constables drew their staves, and a fight ensued. The crowd, after a few minutes, turned back, and the encounter came to an end. Several men left the scene bleeding from the head, and one was carried away insensible. It is said, too, that one or two boys sustained more or less severe injuries. Several arrests were made by the police. In the meantime, straggling detachments of the crowd had found their way down Hay-hill, Stafford-street, Albemarle-street, and other thoroughfares, across Piccadilly, and into St. James's-street. Turning to the left, they went along Pall-mall, passed Trafalgar-square, and entered Northumberland-avenue. Soon the crowd found itself upon the Embankment; but there was a strong force of foot and mounted police already on the scene. The intention had been, on leaving Hyde Park, to assemble in much greater numbers, gathering by different routes, on the Thames Embankment, near the Temple Gardens. The police were apprised of this plan, and determined to stop them before they reached Waterloo Bridge; this was the more expedient, because two hundred yards ahead there lay several heaps of flint stones, which might possibly be employed by the lawless. Twenty mounted police, supported by detachments of constables, charged the crowd. A number of men rushed back along the Embankment, others scampered up the stone steps of the bridge, and a few took refuge in Savoy-street. One or two stones were afterwards thrown down by those who had sought refuge in the roadway above; but, fortunately, no injuries were inflicted. A few minutes after the police had charged under Waterloo Bridge, the Embankment pavements were lined with people, the roadway being kept clear by mounted patrols. The people began to regain confidence, and to draw closer together. The police charged again from under the bridge, and the mounted patrols continued to gallop to and fro until all the rioters took alarm and ran away. Some 200 men at the Blackfriars end of the Embankment were the sole remnant. While these were consulting as to the best route for them to take, a party of plain clothes men attached to the City Police recognised in their midst two individuals who had taken a leading part in the Trafalgar-square meetings, and arrested them. The two men were, however, rescued by their fellows, who then made their way up Bridge-street, across Fleet-street, and so into Holborn, and

arrived in Bowring-green-lane, Clerkenwell. Here the police, promptly arriving upon the scene, dispersed them in all directions.

On Thursday, another meeting took place in Hyde Park, where about 3000 assembled. After the proceedings, a deputation—Walker, Allman, and Jones—was sent to the Home Secretary, and had an interview with Mr. Pemberton at the Home Office asking that Government should provide employment for 10,000 working-men, and should promote an Eight Hours' Bill; also that the severity of the police should be restrained. In the meantime, four or five hundred, mostly youths, had followed the deputation out of the park into Piccadilly, and met others at the bottom of Park-lane, where the crowd united. Inspector Piper was ready for them, and bringing on his force of forty-five men, with half-a-dozen mounted constables, endeavoured to disperse the mob. The latter at first resisted, but after a sharp conflict, for about ten minutes, they were sent flying across the road into the Green Park, where they did not attempt to reassemble, but for the most part went away. While it lasted the struggle blocked the traffic and caused considerable alarm in the neighbourhood. A further conflict took place an hour or so later, after the return of the deputation and the conclusion of the meeting. A band of three hundred had got into Park-lane through one of the minor gates. They ran down Park-street and by the bottom of Hereford-gardens, and were about to emerge into Oxford-street, when they were stopped by the police. They began to stone the constables, and forcibly resisted the efforts made to disperse them. The police were quickly reinforced, and, after a scrimmage of four or five minutes, succeeded in routing the rioters. Several of the constables received blows in the face, but none were seriously injured. Three arrests were made. The rush at the Marble Arch gate blocked the traffic in Oxford-street for some time, and a few of the shopkeepers hurriedly put up their shutters.

The meeting at Millpond-bridge, Jamaica-road, Rotherhithe, last Monday evening, arranged in concert by five political clubs of Bermondsey, Rotherhithe, and Southwark, had no direct connection with the demonstrations of "the unemployed," though it passed a resolution protesting against the conduct of Sir Charles Warren as Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police. It was mainly intended to express indignation against the Irish policy of the present Government. Sir Charles Warren had forbidden torchlight processions, but a number of torches were burnt on the platforms, of which there were five, each with its separate chairman and speakers, the aggregate number of people assembled being ten or twelve thousand. About twelve hundred police attended the meeting, and there was little disorder of any kind.

The Trafalgar-square meetings were resumed on Monday and Tuesday last, but with diminished numbers. They were followed, on each occasion, by the march of a crowd of several hundred through the streets to the west. The route taken on Monday was along Pall-mall, up St. James's-street, Albemarle-street, and Bond-street, to Oxford-street, returning by Regent-street, Coventry-street, and the Haymarket, to Trafalgar-square. On Tuesday, they carried the red flag down through Whitehall and Parliament-street, and along Victoria-street to Eaton-square and Belgrave-square, thence coming up to Hyde Park-corner, and returning by St. James's-street. They were closely followed by the mounted and foot police, and were not permitted to stop anywhere, or to do any mischief.

Several persons have been brought before the police magistrates, and fined £5 or sent to prison, for attacks on the police, or for brawling in Westminster Abbey.

## SCOTTISH WATER-COLOUR SOCIETY.

The tenth annual exhibition of this society was opened on Saturday, Oct. 22, in the galleries of the Fine-Art Institute, Sauchiehall-street, Glasgow.

It is to be regretted that the council have deemed it necessary to return to their former custom of confining the exhibition to works by members of the society; but as the support accorded by the public was not sufficient to warrant the continuance of their enterprise, it is not to be wondered at that they shirk the responsibility of involving themselves in the additional expense necessarily caused by the acceptance of double the number of pictures now hung. It is, however, not to be denied that the exhibition suffers very materially in everything but a local interest. There are no works of outstanding merit to attract the attention of the amateur who has wide sympathies with art. Indeed, although it is claimed, with truth, that the work of the society is progressively improving, it may be doubted whether the absence of the stimulus of competition and emulation be altogether to the benefit of the artists themselves.

From these remarks it will be gathered that the present exhibition barely exceeds mediocrity. With a few exceptions, such, indeed, is the case. Among these exceptions, come, in the first place, the contributions of Robert Hudman, R.S.A., whose work is always characterised by correct drawing, natural colouring, and a finish that never degenerates into over-fastidiousness, of which fault there are several examples on the walls, and, perhaps, more of its converse: the mistaking of rough and careless brush-work, uncombined with knowledge, for power. Among the latter, however, are, by no means, the works of W. M'Taggart, R.S.A., whose study of "Wind and Rain" (122) is painted with an energy entirely suited to the subject, and yet with due regard to truthfulness devoid of exaggeration. The animal subjects by Joseph Cranhall, jun., are extremely good, the best being "The Forge" (184) and a pair of blue pigeons (216), which are admirably painted. The Highland scenes by John Smart, "A Coming Storm" (208), in particular; the scenes from eighteenth century comedy by Duncan McKeller (78 and 179); "The Sewing Lesson" (214), by Tom McEwan; the Eastern scenes by Pollok S. Nisbet, and the flower pieces by Lily Blatherwick and by Constance Walton, are among those which attract attention, and which serve to give the society a meritorious position among artistic corporations, giving the present exhibition, which, from its nature, is exclusively representative of Scottish water-colour art, a real and special interest to the art amateur.

We hope that the public will awaken to a sense of their responsibility to the cause of painting, and that, by their support, both as visitors and purchasers, they will show that the efforts of the society are really appreciated, thereby encouraging them to renew their praiseworthy endeavour to give their exhibitions a more cosmopolitan character.

Notices are unavoidably deferred of the Dutch Water-Colour Society's exhibition at the Goupil Gallery, New Bond-street; of Mr. Charles Gregory's collection of water-colours at Messrs. Dowdeswell's new galleries, New Bond-street; and of water-colour drawings by Mr. Walter Paris, at the Chesham Gallery, Old Bond-street.

The publishers of the Revised Version of the Scriptures have issued copies of both the Old and New Testament in various forms at greatly reduced prices, in order to place the Revised Version more on an equality with the Authorised, and thus bring it into wider use.

## THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Whoever may have failed, and whatever may have been bungled in connection with the Jubilee year, the Lord Mayor of London and his hospitalities are not to be numbered in such a list. The civic court has been conducted in a perfectly ideal fashion by Sir Reginald Hanson and his stately lady; and there were universal expressions of regret amongst the members of the Corporation present at the ball last Friday that this should be, as the inexorable progress of time ordains it must be, the last great entertainment of the Jubilee mayoralty. The Lord Mayor, by-the-way, wore on his coat on that occasion the Queen's Jubilee medal, in silver, which has been sent him by her Majesty. This has been struck specially for the Queen, who has distributed it herself amidst her household and other favoured persons as a memento of the year. It is about the size of a half-crown, and bears on one side a portrait of her Majesty (wearing a veil beneath the crown, and, altogether, not unlike the effigy on the new coinage), while on the reverse is a brief inscription to the effect that it is in commemoration of the fiftieth year of the reign of Queen Victoria. Sir Reginald Hanson was the first Lord Mayor to receive a visit from the Queen at the official residence of the chief citizen of London; and it is as a pleasant memento of this honour that he has now been presented by her Majesty with the Queen's private Jubilee medal.

The ball on Friday was given to the Mayors and Mayoresses of the Kingdom. The Lord Mayor was assisted in the entertainment of his guests by the members of the Court of Common Council, not many of whom, however, brought their wives with them, so that, as far as the ladies were concerned, it was quite a provincial party. Most of the "chief citizens" of the various towns are, of course, middle-aged people. "To be young and famous is the gift of the gods," as Disraeli said; and such privileges cannot be vouchsafed to many mortals. In the heyday of youth, at thirty and thereabouts, when folks might enjoy to be Mayors and Mayoresses, they have, alas! only too often neither the time nor the money to devote to such a post; nor, indeed, have they reached that altitude of public favour which alone can place them on the pinnacle of such an honourable greatness. But when the opportunity comes, years have accumulated, and, great though the glory be, the taste for it has passed! Who could help having such thoughts who saw the Mayoresses at the Mansion House, and noted how they clung (in many cases) to antique fashions, how dressing for the evening was evidently too much trouble for them, how dancing was no more congenial to them than children's games would have been, and how wearied they looked as midnight came on.

Though this "Mayors' ball" has been given in several previous years, of course both hosts and guests are different each time. A great many of the visitors were evidently strange to London life, and had not fathomed the customs of the Mansion House. The unique variety of female costume worn was quite startling. There was a little lady in her best walking-dress of biscuit-coloured vicuna, with odd little efflorescences of striped brown and biscuit velvet trimming in unforeseen situations; the festive attire being completed by a bouquet of white and red chrysanthemums about the size of a cheese-plate. There was one in an ill-constructed tea-gown of apricot Liberty silk, with sleeves touching the floor, but without any train. There was one in an ancient blue and white striped grenadine, with some red fabric passing round her throat and going straight down her back, and then being held up over her left arm to keep it off the floor. There was another with a train of ruby velvet quite unfastened to the skirt, except at the waist, so that it lay out behind her as she walked, and left a vacuum between it and her form, as though it were no part of herself, but as if she had caught it on by accident and was unaware of it. Every style of doing the hair was patronised, from the date of the Queen's accession onward. The invitations were issued for nine, which, of course, means at least half-past; but it seems that about a hundred guests had already arrived when the clock struck nine, and while the Lord Mayor was still occupied in putting on his levée costume and his superb official diamond jewel. Well, these are but conventionalities, after all; and, of course, there was an admixture of handsome costumes, and the hospitality of the Mansion House was generously administered to pleased and pleasant guests.

The memorial from the women of England to the Queen in favour of closing public-houses on Sundays has received nearly three quarters of a million of female signatures. The sheets upon which these are written make a huge bundle turning the scale at very many hundredweights; and if her Majesty should consent to receive the memorial the puzzle will be how to convey it into the Royal presence. It is surely a monument of wasted effort. The Sovereign has no more power to close the public-houses on Sundays than any one of the signatories of the memorial. The organisation, time, and expense which have been wasted over preparing this memorial could not, therefore, have been more uselessly squandered, while in all probability they might have been far more serviceably employed. A reformatory home for female inebriates at Forest-hill is in danger of being closed for lack of funds, while money is wasted on collecting signatures to a fruitless document. It is not, however, women who are responsible for this waste of resources on a necessarily sterile effort; the idea seems to have been initiated and worked by gentlemen. I express no opinion on the object aimed at, beyond this—that to further close public houses by law, while leaving entirely uncontrolled, open all day and nearly all night, those wretched drinking dens miscalled "workmen's clubs," would be the blindest absurdity and the worst blunder imaginable.

That commonplace bivalve, the mussel, is seen at but few good tables in England. In France, it is more justly appreciated, and the fact is recognised that its plentifullness does not prevent it from being a delicacy if properly cooked. Mussels are now in the perfection of their season, and I invite my readers who have what an old Scotch friend of mine used to call "the taste of their mouths" to try the following recipe for Moule à la Marinière. Let two quarts of mussels soak in water with a little salt in it for an hour; then scrape and scrub the shells, removing the hairy tuft where perceived, and wash very thoroughly. Put the mussels in a saucepan with a gill of water, a little chopped onion, and a few sprigs of parsley, over a hot fire, and leave it till all are opened. Then strain the liquor off through a fine sieve, and take away one shell from each mussel, leaving it adherent if possible to the other shell; removing also the hairy "beard," if in any case it remains. Put into a large saucepan four ounces of butter broken up into little bits and each bit thoroughly rolled in flour; together with two table-spoonfuls of finely chopped onion (or shalot, which is better), a teaspoonful of salt, a dredge of red pepper, two bay leaves, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, and a pint of the strained liquor cooked out of the mussels; add the mussels, and boil all together for ten minutes; then finish with some finely-chopped parsley, and mix all together by well tossing the mussels in the saucepan with the lid on. Then pour out, and take to table shells, sauce, and all, just as it is, in a deep dish. They are eaten from the shells, in which the gravy is taken up.

F. F. M.

## THE CHURCH.

The autumn conference of the Church Association will be held at Manchester on the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th of next month.

Lincoln's Inn Chapel, which has been closed during the Long Vacation, will be opened next Sunday (to-morrow) for Divine service.

The ancient church of St. Edmunds, Maids Mereton, near Buckingham, was reopened on Thursday week after complete restoration.

The Bishop of Peterborough, speaking at Northampton last week, alluded to the probability of Disestablishment being shortly made a prominent political question, and advocated reforms in the Church.

Countess Cowper laid on the 22nd inst. the memorial-stone of the church of the Holy Redeemer, which is about to be built in Exmouth-street, Clerkenwell. The Marquis of Northampton has given the site, and the church will cost between eight and nine thousand pounds.

The Rev. Percy Herbert Collins, M.A., Curate of St. Stephen's, Paddington, has been appointed to the rectory of High Holden, Kent, vacant by the resignation of the Rev. W. P. Staveley; and the Rev. Arthur Fitzgerald Evans, formerly Curate of Coggeshall, to the vicarage of Great Maplestead, in Essex.

A large clock, with Cambridge chimes, was completed last week in the parish church of Powerstock, Dorsetshire, of which Archdeacon Sanctuary is Rector. Mrs. Sanctuary formally started the clock. It has two 5-ft. dials, and is fitted with all the latest improvements brought out by the makers, John Smith and Sons, Midland Clock Works, Derby.

At St. Paul's Cathedral, yesterday week, the Bishop of London terminated his primary visitation by delivering his charge to the clergy and churchwardens of the diocese. He discussed the subjects of diocesan work, the growth of population, co-operation of the laity, the necessity of religious education, especially for children, the battles against intemperance and impurity, and the Disestablishment of the Church. On the latter question he denied that the Establishment was a failure in Wales.

Mrs. Temple, wife of the Bishop of London, presided on Thursday week over a drawing-room meeting of the London branch of the Ladies' Home Mission Association (of the Society for Employing Additional Curates), held at Bridewell Hospital, New Bridge-street. Mrs. Temple briefly spoke in support of the objects of the association, and referred with regret to the loss which the society had recently suffered by the death of Mrs. Walsham How, wife of the Bishop of Bedford, who was one of the vice-presidents of the society. The Rev. E. C. Brooke, of St. John the Divine, Kennington, in addressing the meeting, referred to the great need of additional Curates in many of our London parishes. The Rev. H. L. Linklater and others also addressed the meeting.

The Bishop of Exeter, in opening the annual Diocesan Conference last week, said he believed that there had been steady progress of Church life throughout the diocese during the last year, although there was not much evidence of that abundance of life which a more masculine faith should realise. In referring to legislative work, he expressed a hope that the Church Patronage Bill would be supplemented by one for the compulsory retirement of any incompetent clergy, due compensation being made for existing claims. Speaking of Church work, he said he felt that encouragement should be given to the employment of lay help. He was also in favour of the formation of Anglican sisterhoods, which should be in the highest degree catholic, Protestant, and Evangelical.

## FASHIONABLE MARRIAGES.

In All Saints' Church, Ennismore-gardens, on Monday afternoon, Lieutenant-Colonel Cookes, formerly of the 3rd (King's Own) Light Dragoons, was married to the Hon. Clara Brownlow, second daughter of the late Lord Lurgan, and sister of the present peer. Mr. Montagu Stevenson, nephew of the bridegroom, was the best man; and the six bridesmaids were the Hon. Isabella, Hon. Clementina, and Hon. Emmeline Brownlow, sisters of the bride; Miss Mabel Cookes, niece of the bridegroom; Miss Nina Hill and Miss Hamilton Gelt, cousin of the bride. The bride entered the church shortly after two o'clock, accompanied by her brother, Lord Lurgan, who gave her away. The service was fully choral.

The marriage of the Hon. Algernon Grosvenor, third surviving son of Lord Ebury, with Miss Dorothy Simeon, only daughter of the late Sir John Simeon, Bart., took place on Tuesday afternoon in the Roman Catholic Church of St. Mary, Cadogan-street. The Hon. Richard Grosvenor, brother of the bridegroom, acted as best man. The bride, on entering the church, was met by her five bridesmaids—Miss Ruth Ward, niece; Miss Lily and Miss Hyacinth Littleton and the Hon. Barbara Lister, cousins of the bride; and Miss Susan Grosvenor, niece of the bridegroom. She was also attended by her nephew, Master Richard Ward, as page. The bride was given away by her mother.

There were 58 deaths from scarlet fever in London last week, including 26 in hospitals. In the Outer Ring 9 deaths from scarlet fever were registered. The deaths from diseases of the respiratory organs rose to 370, being 30 above the corrected average.

A large audience, comprising the governors, friends, and supporters, as well as students of the Aldenham Institute, a school of technical education, Goldington-crescent, St. Pancras, assembled at the prize-giving last Saturday, when an address was delivered by Professor Silvanus P. Thompson, Principal of the Finsbury Technical College.

On the opening day of the Newmarket Houghton Meeting Lord Bradford won the Plate over the Rowley with Sir Hamo, Mr. Leigh the Plate over the Breby Stakes Course with Jesuit II., Mr. T. Jennings the Monday Nursery Handicap Plate with Father Confessor, Mr. A. B. Carr the Flying Stakes with Sweet Alice, Duke of Westminster the Criterion Stakes with Ossory, and Mr. Heywood the Ancaster Welter Handicap with Dan Dancer.—On Tuesday Mr. R. Vyner won the Cambridgeshire with Gloriation, Mr. H. T. Barclay's Bendigo being second, and Mr. A. B. Carr's Quicksand third. Seventeen others ran. The betting at starting was 40 to 1 against Gloriation, 100 to 9 against Bendigo, and 100 to 1 against Quicksand. The Criterion Nursery Handicap fell to Orbit, the Water Hall Plate to Governor Waller, the Plate (Dewhurst Plate course) to Whitefriar, the Maiden Plate to Polydor, the Free Handicap to Lal Brough, the Light-Weight Selling Plate to Olga, and the Home-bred Post Produce Stakes to Irgunder.—The principal race on Wednesday, the Dewhurst Plate, was won by Friar's Balsam; Blanton being second, and Sky Pilot third. Among the other winners were Satiety and Fastness, who carried off, respectively, the opening Subscription Stakes and the Home-bred Sweepstakes; Spring Jack, who gained the New Nursery Plate; Pedestrian, who ran off with the Dutch Mile Handicap, and Earl Godwin, to whom fell the Hundred Guineas Plate.

## THE RECESS.

The Government have wisely shown that they are determined Liberty shall not degenerate into License in London. Hence the firm continuance of that judicious police escort of the throngs of the unemployed, who have repeated their meetings and perambulations in town. It is a singular coincidence that Sir Charles Warren, appointed to be Chief Commissioner of Police after the "Socialistic" riots of 1886, should now be called upon to control and disperse similar demonstrations. It is "greatly to his credit" that he has, on the whole, performed this delicate and difficult task in a masterly fashion.

The Prime Minister has one load off his overtaxed mind. Lord Salisbury has had the satisfaction to come to an amicable understanding and agreement with M. Flourens on the Suez Canal and New Hebrides controversies, though some Australians are of opinion that France should have withdrawn her troops from these islands without securing any advantages for so doing. But the Marquis of Salisbury was undoubtedly right in holding that this was an international question ready for Pacific treatment.

Mr. Gladstone, phenomenal though his strength and activity are at his great age, suffered for his travelling and oratorical exploits of last week between Hawarden and Nottingham. The right hon. gentleman caught a severe cold. The weakness that ensued gave special point to that passage of his second Nottingham speech, in which he said, "Though I earnestly hope to stand by you shoulder to shoulder until the settlement of the great Irish question, I cannot reasonably anticipate the capacity, at my age, of commencing new controversies." Yet he boldly started a budget of fresh controversial enterprises, the expediency of pressing the ecclesiastical branches of which, at this juncture, may be fairly doubted. There can be no legitimate objection to the "One Man, One Vote" proposal. Nor is a Government whose legal head is so pronounced a land-law reformer as Lord Halsbury likely to oppose root and branch the abolition of entail, for, as Mr. Gladstone concisely put it, "We want to have free trade in land." Local self-government, too, with its consequent redress of the inequalities of our existing burdensome system of taxation, and a solution of the licensing question, we are all prepared for; and it is fully believed the Government will next Session introduce comprehensive measures dealing with the local administration of London and of the counties, not excepting Ireland, mayhap. But the political wisdom of this sweeping declaration on the part of Mr. Gladstone may well be questioned at this crisis:—

The question whether or not there ought to be an Established Church—whether or not it be ripe for consideration in England—is unquestionably ripe for consideration in Scotland and Wales.

Leaving this momentous announcement to fructify, Mr. Gladstone on the Thursday of the past week journeyed from Nottingham to Derby, where he publicly rewarded Sir William Harcourt for his constant support by proclaiming his merits in yet another speech in the Drill-hall of the town. There followed a few days of rest and quiet, much needed to nurse his cold, at Sudbury Hall, which Mr. Gladstone left last Tuesday on a visit to the Marquis of Ripon at Studley Royal. Uttering but a few hoarse words at Leeds—words which might sensibly have been taken as said under the circumstances—the right hon. gentleman paused at Ripon to repeat his familiar views in favour of Irish Home Rule at the Townhall. But no useful purpose could be served by repeating what is so well known.

Lord Randolph Churchill has indubitably been the acutest and smartest, as well as promptest, critic of Mr. Gladstone's Nottingham manifesto. Indeed, the series of speeches the noble Lord has made cannot fail to improve his political position materially. Take, for example, the excellent and thoughtful address he delivered on the Thursday (the night following Mr. Gladstone's chief speech at Nottingham) to the members of the Conservative Association, in the Victoria Hall at Sunderland. Practically, he agreed with the common-sense principle of "One Man, One Vote," and with the desirability of abolishing the "entail of landed estates upon lives unborn"; and, approving the extension of local self-government, the readjustment of taxation, and the reorganisation of the licensing laws, he vivaciously contested Mr. Gladstone's right to claim a monopoly in the settlement of these matters. Whilst Unionists were prepared to legislate on these subjects at once, with their majority of a hundred in the House of Commons, Mr. Gladstone was for postponing these questions *sine die* till he had disposed of the Irish question. Coming to Disestablishment, Lord Randolph Churchill denounced what he termed Mr. Gladstone's policy of "political and electoral legerdemain," and complained that—

He argued that Wales ought to receive disestablishment as a boon because it had returned more Home Rulers proportionately, and therefore disestablishers, than Scotland, which was rather lukewarm and rather Laodicean in its demand for Home Rule, which had not returned anything like so large a proportion of Home Rulers, and therefore disestablishers. Now, can you conceive anything more immoral? He mixes up two questions which are totally distinct. He uses, as it were, the disestablishment of the Church—a great and solemn question like that—as a bribe (loud cheers)—by which to gain support for his repeal and his Home Rule policy.

His Lordship has in the further signalably able speeches he has made in the north so warmly defended the Irish administration of the Government that his return to office is believed to be not far off. But the most serviceable argument of the noble Lord was the one he laid stress on at Stockton last Monday, in cogently pointing out the fallacies of Protection, rechristened "Fair Trade." Lord Randolph Churchill certainly is in harmony with the spirit of the age.

The Marquis of Hartington's important speech on Monday in the Nottingham Mechanics' Hall, and Mr. Chamberlain's equally emphatic address on Tuesday in the Camden-road Athenaeum, showed that both the Liberal Unionist leaders are still strongly adverse to Mr. Gladstone's policy with regard to Home Rule, and that they firmly support the Government in their endeavours to maintain the majesty of the law. On the other hand, the Home Rule speech of the Earl of Aberdeen in Manchester on Monday, and the addresses on Tuesday of Mr. John Morley at Halifax, and Lord Rosebery and Earl Spencer in Edinburgh, who all adhered to their support of Mr. Gladstone, prove that upon the Irish Problem opinions differ as widely as ever they did. Yet a solution would be so easy!

Mr. Henry Lambert, chief goods manager of the Great Western Railway, has been appointed general manager of that company, in place of the late Mr. James Grierson.

The Wesleyan Mission in West Central London was opened yesterday week by a sermon in St. James's Hall by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. The Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, the superintendent of the Mission, presided at a devotional meeting during the afternoon in Wardour Hall, and in the evening another meeting took place in St. James's Hall.

Mr. Alderman De Keyser, the Lord Mayor-Lect, attended at the House of Lords on Monday, and was introduced to the Lord Chancellor, who congratulated him upon attaining the highest office in the City, and stated that her Majesty had signified her approval of the citizens' choice. The Sheriffs of London and Middlesex, and several Aldermen and City officers, were present at the ceremony.



THE LATE RIGHT HON. A. J. BERESFORD-HOPE, M.P.

## THE LATE LORD IDDESLEIGH.

A statue of the late Earl of Iddesleigh, erected by inhabitants of Devon, was unveiled last week, on Northernhay, Exeter, by Lord Clinton, the Lord Lieutenant of Devonshire. The monument was proposed in 1885, on Sir Stafford Northcote's elevation to the Peerage, the intention being to pay him the honour of erecting the statue in his lifetime. The work was intrusted to Mr. Boehm, sculptor. The statue is in white marble, and stands on a pedestal of Devonshire granite, furnished by Messrs. J. Easton and Sons, of Exeter. The noble Lord is represented in his peer's robes. The statue has been erected outside the castle, and faces the High-street. The likeness is an excellent one. The inscription is:—

STAFFORD HENRY NORTHCOTE,  
Earl of Iddesleigh, G.C.B., 1818-1887.

"Cui Pudor, et Justitiae soror

Incorrupta Fides, nudaque Veritas,  
Quando ullum invenient parem?"—HORACE, I. 24.

At the unveiling there was a very large assemblage of the county gentry, the Lord Lieutenant being accompanied by the present Earl and Countess of Iddesleigh and three of their daughters, the Hon. H. S. Northcote and Mrs. Northcote, the Hon. and Rev. John Northcote, the Hon. and Rev. Arthur Northcote, Earl Morley, Earl Fortescue, the Earl of Devon, Sir John Kennaway, M.P., Sir John Shelley, Sir John Walron and Colonel Walron, M.P., Lord Sidmouth, Sir T. D. Acland, Lord Dunboyne, Sir Massey Lopes, the Bishop of Exeter, the Mayor and Sheriff of Exeter. A letter was read from the Dowager Countess of Iddesleigh, who wrote that, although she could



STATUE OF THE LATE LORD IDDESLEIGH AT EXETER.



THE LATE MAJOR EVANS BELL.

not be present, her mind and thoughts would be with those at the ceremony. Painful as was the contrast with what the day might have been and was intended for both by their kind Devon and Exeter friends, yet her heart was filled with gratitude, and she felt consolation at the love and honour shown to one so dearly loved, so deeply mourned, and so worthy of all love and sorrow.

On Saturday the Mayor of Exeter presented to the Vicar of Upton Pyne (the Hon. and Rev. J. S. Northcote) a stained-glass window, placed in the church by parishioners and by Exeter friends, in memory of the late Earl of Iddesleigh. The subjects illustrated in the window are "The Sermon on the Mount," "Moses Delivering the Law to the Israelites," and "Paul Preaching at Athens." The Dowager Countess of Iddesleigh, the Earl and Countess of Iddesleigh, Mr. H. S. Northcote, and other members of the family of the late Earl were present.

## THE LATE MAJOR EVANS BELL.

This gentleman, whose death has been announced, was an esteemed member of the Indian military and civil services, and an able writer on Indian subjects. He was son of a London merchant; he entered the Madras Army in June, 1842, and was posted as ensign to the Honourable Company's 2nd (European) Regiment in August of that year. After some years of regimental duty, he was employed in the suppression of thuggee and dacoity, under the Commissioner of Nagpore, from March, 1856, to September, 1858. He was



THE STATE OF IRELAND: POLICE BIVOUACKED AT WOODFORD, GALWAY, TO PREVENT THE NATIONAL LEAGUE MEETING.



PEASANTS FIRING THE HEDGES BETWEEN WOODFORD AND LOUGHREA, GALWAY.



MR. W. O'BRIEN, M.P., ADDRESSING THE MIDNIGHT MEETING AT WOODFORD: BURNING THE GOVERNMENT PROCLAMATION.

intending to retire from the service, and had already proceeded to Europe, when, in consequence of the outbreak of the Mutiny, he at once decided to return and take part in restoring order in India. He did so, and found ample scope for exertion in anticipating and thwarting the schemes of the mutineers in the Central Provinces, for which service his intimate knowledge of the native character especially fitted him. In August, 1860, he was appointed assistant in the Political Department under the Commissioner of Nagpore; but soon afterwards, at the instance of Lord Canning, in January, 1861, he became Deputy Commissioner of Police at Madras, and President of the Municipal Commission in that city. He left India on furlough in May, 1863, and finally retired from the service in July, 1865. His writings are well known, more especially those bearing on the relations between the native States of India and the British Indian Government—a department of historical politics which he may be said to have made his own. The earliest of his works is "The English in India," consisting of letters from Nagpore, in 1857-8, the greater part of which had appeared in the *Daily News*. The next was "The Empire in India," published in 1864. These were followed by "The Mysore Reversion," in 1866; "Retrospects and Prospects of Indian Policy," in 1868, which may be regarded as a valuable textbook of the Indian politics of the period; "The Oxus and Indus," in 1869; "Our Great Vassal Empire," 1870; and "Last Counsels of an Old Counsellor," a biography of John Dickinson, in 1873. This volume comprised an effective vindication of the late Maharajah Holkar of Indore. His last, and in some respects most important, work, as covering a long period of modern Indian history, was the "Memoir of General John Briggs, of the Madras Army, with Comments on some of his Words and Work." Most of his books were published by Messrs. Trübner and Co., and others, including the last named, by Messrs. Chatto and Windus. In the summer of this year, an address from the British Indian Association was presented to Major Bell, expressing the highest appreciation of his efforts to advance the welfare of India, and to advocate just treatment of the Indian chiefs and princes.

#### THE STATE OF IRELAND.

At the town of Woodford, in Galway, adjacent to the district where the evictions of the tenants of the Marquis of Clanricarde have caused many scenes of violence, prohibited meetings of the National League have recently been attempted, in defiance of the Government proclamation. A strong force of the Royal Irish Constabulary was sent to Woodford, to prevent the meeting at which Mr. W. O'Brien, M.P., was announced to speak; and our Artist's first Sketch there, upon this occasion, shows the police in their military bivouac outside the town. The National League men, however, assembled at midnight, with torches, or pieces of burning turf stuck on pitchforks, in the street before the house where Mr. O'Brien was staying; and he made a speech to them from the window, and burnt in their sight a copy of the Government proclamation. On the same night, probably to draw away some of the police, fires were kindled in the hedges along the road from Woodford to Loughrea. These scenes are represented in two of our Artist's Sketches.

On Sunday last, Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, an English gentleman of some note in the political and literary world, having travelled in Arabia and India and strongly advocated the cause of the Egyptian revolution, attempted to hold a meeting at Woodford, contrary to the express prohibition of the Irish Government. He was accompanied by his wife, Lady Anne Blunt, who is a daughter of the first Earl Lovelace, and grandchild of Lord Byron, the poet. None of the conspicuous Irish National League leaders were present. The field in which the platform had been erected was occupied by the police, supported by military; and Mr. Blunt, persisting in his attempt to address the meeting, was taken into custody, after a brief struggle in which he wrestled with the constables and was thrown off the platform. He was conveyed to the police barracks and thence to the Bridewell, and is to answer for his offence before the local Magistrates.

The evictions on Lord Clanricarde's estate near Woodford were continued last week, the Under-Sheriff and Magistrates being assisted by 160 police and thirty soldiers. One house, at Rossullis, on the banks of the Shannon, was barricaded against them, and the people inside threw pailsfuls of boiling water on the men who forced the doors. Five persons were taken into custody, to be prosecuted at the Woodford petty sessions.

The city of Cork has been placed under the provisions of the Crimes Act. A meeting was held there on Tuesday, to protest against the Recorder delivering judgment, this week, on Mr. W. O'Brien's appeal from the Mitchelstown sentence on him.

On Monday the Royal Courts of Justice were opened for the Michaelmas sittings. Prior to the ceremonial, the Judges, Queen's Counsel, and Benchers of the different inns breakfasted with the Lord Chancellor at the House of Lords.

The committee of the Royal Humane Society has just concluded the examination of the last list of cases of saving life from drowning submitted for its consideration, and has made many awards. One of the most prominent cases honoured by the gift of the society's bronze medal is that of Stanley Dawson Smith, a schoolboy only twelve years of age, who on the 14th ult. saved the lives of his two sisters, aged respectively seventeen and thirteen.

Mr. Conyers, of Castletown Conyers, county Cork, has just shot an enormous eagle, which for the last month had preyed on the poultry of the farmers. Mr. Conyers saw the eagle from a hill, and fired at it; though slightly wounded, the eagle immediately made a desperate swoop; but a second shot, fired at thirty yards, partially disabled him. The eagle, however, still showed fight, till a third shot placed him *hors de combat*. The eagle was found to be 6 ft. 6 in. from tip to tip, the talons being of great length.

A conference on the best mode of encouraging our silk industries was held yesterday week in the Manchester Exhibition—Mr. Wardley, chairman of the commission of the Silk Section, presiding. Mr. T. Dickens read a paper on the revival of the silk industries of the Kingdom; and a committee was appointed to draw up rules for an institution of silk manufacturers, merchants, and retailers, to promote the interests of the silk trade, the appointment of a Minister of Commerce, and the provision of further technical education.

Judge Angers, of the Superior Court of Quebec, has been appointed Lieutenant-Governor of that province.—The Inter-Provincial Conference was opened on the 20th inst. at Quebec, the Premiers of Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Manitoba being present, besides other members of the various provincial Legislatures. The Dominion Government was invited to send a delegate, but declined. The proceedings were strictly private, but it has transpired that the questions of provincial subsidies and the disallowance of the Manitoban Railway scheme formed prominent subjects of discussion.—The death of the Hon. Lewis Wallbridge, Chief Justice of Manitoba, is announced.

#### CHESS.

##### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.*  
HUGO LEGLER (Evansville, U.S.A.)—We are unable to find any trace of your communications, which do not appear to have reached us. Now that one has found its way we trust others will follow.  
W MEAD (Brighton).—Thanks for game, which shall have our early attention.  
G O HEYWOOD.—See notice at foot.  
RHODES MARRIOTT.—We are obliged for the information.  
WALTER GOODLiffe.—Look again at Problem No. 2269.  
C S (Chelmsford).—Your last communication has come safely to hand, and is a most welcome arrival.  
C W (Sunbury).—We are always pleased to hear from so old a contributor.  
PROBLEMS received, with thanks, from F Healey, J G Campbell, C W (Sunbury), Fritz Hoffman, and G Carter.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2270 received from Rev. W Cooper, J D Tucker (Leeds), T Thorpe, E Boys, Lieutenant-Colonel Loraine, R.A., O Darragh, M Sharpe, Argot, and L Coon.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2271 received from R F N Banks, W L Martin (Commander, R.N.), W R Railean, Major Prichard, G W Laws, Ben Nevis, Otto F. H. Lucas, L Sharwood, Ernest Sharwood, E Featherstone, Jupiter Junior, S Bullen, W S Harris, C Oswald, R L Smith, L Coad, G Carter, W Hillier, E Louden, R Worts, North-Bac, J Elsworth, L Wyman, Nerina, Howard A, G Wright (Hillside), and A C Hunt.

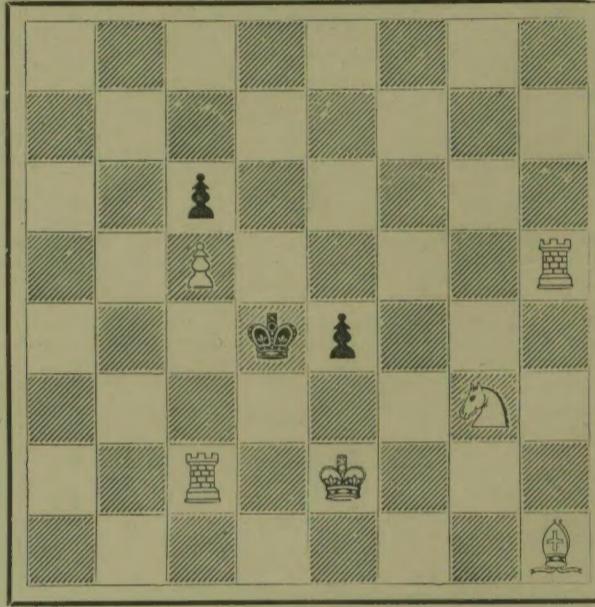
##### SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2270.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q to B 2nd.	P to R 3rd
2. B to Kt 6th (ch)	K takes B, or moves
3. Q, mates.	

NOTE.—If 1. P to Kt 5th, White continues 2. Q to B 6th; if 1. K to R 3rd, then 2. Q to Kt 3rd; if 1. K to Kt 5th, then 2. Q to Kt 3rd (ch), mating in each case on the following move.

##### PROBLEM NO. 2273.

By F. HEALEY.  
BLACK.



WHITE.  
White to play, and mate in three moves.

##### A BRILLIANT EVANS.

A good example of Herr KOLISCH's high-class play, and a good specimen of the beautiful Evans Gambit. It is taken, with notes, from the *New Zealand Mail*.

(Evans Gambit.)

WHITE (Herr K.)	BLACK (Amateur.)	WHITE (Herr K.)	BLACK (Amateur.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	19. R to Q 5th	
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	Threatening check with the Kt, which has been brought into play very opportunely.	
3. B to B 4th	B to B 4th	19.	Q to K B sq
4. P to Q Kt 4th	B takes Kt P	The only square to which the Queen can retreat. As to the King, he will not do to think of playing him, he could only go to Q B 4th, and then go to K B 5th (ch), K to Q 2nd; 21. Q to Q 6th (ch), Kt to B 2nd; 22. Kt takes B (ch), P takes K; 23. R mates.	
5. P to Q B 3rd	P to R 4th	20. Q R to Kt sq	B takes R
6. P to Q 4th	P takes P	21. R takes P (ch)	B to B 2nd
7. Castles	P to Q 3rd	22. Q to K 5th	R to B sq
8. Q to Kt 3rd	Q to B 3rd	This is the best move Black can make.	
9. P to E 5th	P takes P	23. Q takes Q P (ch)	K to Q 2nd
10. R to K sq	B to Kt 3rd	24. R takes B	R takes R
11. B to K Kt 5th	Q to Kt 3rd	25. Q to Q 8th (ch)	K to B 2nd
12. Kt takes K P	Kt takes Kt	26. Kt to K 5th, mate.	
13. Q to Kt 6th (ch)	P to Q B 3rd		
14. R takes Kt (ch)	B to K 3rd		
15. B takes B	P takes B		
16. Q to K 2nd	Q to B 2nd		
17. Kt to Q 2nd			

An excellent move; much better than taking the Pawn, checking.

17. K to Q 2nd

18. Kt to B 4th

R to K sq

##### CHESS BY CORRESPONDENCE.

Another game in the International Tourney, organised by Mr. G. B. Fraser, of Dundee, between Mr. E. F. GERAHTZ, of Dublin, and Mr. J. H. BLAKE, of Southampton.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. G.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Mr. G.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	11. Kt to B sq	P to Q 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	12. P to Q 4th	Kt to Kt 3rd threatening Kt to R 5th is far stronger.
3. B to Kt 5th	P to Q R 3rd	12.	P to K R 3rd
4. B to R 4th	Kt to B 3rd	13. B to K R 4th	R to K sq
5. P to Q 3rd		14. Kt takes P	The reply to P takes Q P would have been P takes P, and White gains nothing.
6. P to B 3rd	P to B 4th	14.	Kt takes Kt
7. B to Kt 3rd	P to Q Kt 4th	15. P takes Kt	Kt takes P
	Loss of time. Why not B to B 2nd at once, instead of two moves later.	Neat and decisive. White cannot take the Kt without losing a piece, and if he takes the Kt then B takes P (ch), &c.	
7.	P to Q 3rd	16. Q to R 5th	Q to Q 2nd
8. B to K Kt 5th	B to K 3rd	17. P to K R 3rd	B to K 4th
9. B to B 2nd	B to Kt 3rd	18. Kt to K 3rd	B to K Kt 3rd
10. Q Kt to Q 2nd		19. P to K 6th	Q takes P
At this stage, the game is about equal; but White should now have Castled or played P to Q 4th.		20. Q takes Q P	Q takes Q
10.	Castles	21. Kt takes Q	Kt to B 3rd (dis. ch), Resigns.

The Intercolonial Chess Congress recently held at Adelaide has resulted in the victory of Mr. Charlton after a very severe struggle. By this success the South Australian earns the title of the "Champion of Australia," and, to judge from the consistent quality of his play, well deserved the honour. He was closely followed by Mr. Esling, of Victoria, and Mr. Gossip, the well-known English player, but now representative of New South Wales. We hope to publish some of the games in this interesting meeting.

We have received the first number of the *Tyneside Review*, a new monthly of somewhat ambitious design for a local periodical, being the organ of the north country associations for the promotion of higher education. A page of its contents is devoted to chess, and the introductory editorial remarks give promise of a vigorous future for this latest addition to chess journalism.

A match between the chess clubs of Manchester and Liverpool was played at the former place, last Saturday week, with the following result:

MANCHESTER.

H. Jones .. .. ..

R. B. Hardman .. .. ..

T. B. Wilson .. .. ..

J. J. Lewis .. .. ..

J. R. Riordan .. .. ..

R. C. Boyer .. .. ..

R. Marriott .. .. ..

J. Thompson .. .. ..

A. H. Howard .. .. ..

J. Fish .. .. ..

LIVERPOOL.

The Rev. J. Owen .. ..

A. Burn .. .. ..

S. Wellington .. .. ..

W. W. Rutherford .. .. ..

J. Cairns .. .. ..

G. Ferguson .. .. ..

L. Whitby .. .. ..

J. S. Edgar .. .. ..

G. Whitehead .. .. ..

A. Rutherford .. .. ..

#### PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, Oct. 25.

After nearly three months of comparative peace and quietness we are now once more to be pestered with the sayings and doings of Messieurs the Deputies, who met this afternoon, when M. Flourens laid before the House the Conventions respecting the Suez Canal and the New Hebrides. For the moment there is no prospect of serious interpellations, but the first business of the session, namely, the discussion of the Budget of 1888, will furnish a natural occasion for discussing the political conduct of the Ministry. In short, the present Cabinet will doubtless live the year out. As for the great opposition leader, M. Clémenceau, he made a speech at Toulon last week the drift of which is this: "My friends and I want reforms, and so long as we do not get them we shall overthrow all Cabinets." Amongst the reforms demanded the chief are the establishment of a progressive income-tax and the suppression of the budget of public worship. In the present Chamber no Ministry can obtain a majority in favour of either of these measures, so that M. Clémenceau is condemned to perpetual opposition. To judge from his reception at Toulon, M. Clémenceau's prestige is declining.

The French Academy has lost another of its members, M. Cuvillier Fleury, who died last week at the age of eighty-five. The deceased was a writer in the *Journal des Débats*, and the preceptor of the Duc d'Aumale. The natural question is, who will be the new "immortal"? At present there are three seats vacant at the Academy, by the deaths of MM. Caro, Viel-Castel, and Cuvillier Fleury. The only candidate whose success is absolutely certain is M. Jules Claretie, administrator-general of the Comédie-Française. Other prominent candidates are—M. Buffet, who forty years ago was already Minister, and who is now perhaps the most distinguished orator in the Senate: M. Rothan, the diplomatist writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*; the Comte Othenin d'Haussonville, also writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, son and nephew of Academicians; Admiral Jurien de la Gravière; the Comte de Mouy; and M. Henry Houssaye. With the exception of M. Claretie, the candidates are not a very brilliant assortment, at least from a literary point of view.

This week M. Ernest Renan will publish the first volume of his "History of the People of Israel." The preface gives some idea of the spirit of the book. In the past of humanity M. Renan finds three histories of first interest—those of Greece, Judæa, and Rome. The highest rôle is that of Greece, to which we owe science, art, literature, philosophy, morality, politics, strategy, diplomacy, maritime and international law: progress will consist always in developing what Greece conceived. In the circle of its moral and intellectual activity Greece despised the humble, and did not feel the need of a just God; its religion remained charming municipal child's play; the idea of a universal religion never came to it. This defect of the Hellenic mind was compensated for by the ardent genius of the children of Israel, whose prophets M. Renan compares to our Socialists and Anarchists. These prophets are fanatics of social justice, and they proclaim that if the world is not just, or susceptible of becoming just, it were better for it to perish. This doctrine M. Renan declares to be very false; but still, like all the doctrines of despair, like Russian Nihilism of the present day, it produces heroism and a great awakening of human force. The founders of Christianity, direct successors of the prophets, are incessantly calling out for the end of the world, and the result is that they transform the world. Christianity becomes an element in the history of the world, as capital as the liberal Rationalism of the Greeks, though, in certain respects, less sure of eternity. The anti-religious tendency of the nineteenth century is a reaction against Christianity; but, even supposing that this movement goes to the extreme, Christianity will still leave an indelible trace. Liberalism will no longer be alone to govern the world. England and America will long retain remnants of biblical influence; while in France, the Socialists—unconscious pupils of the prophets—will always force rational politics to reckon with them. The first volume of M. Renan's history contains the legendary portion of the story of Israel, of the tribe of Beni-Israel, from the beginning down to the reign of David; and, to judge from the preface, we may expect a work of singular boldness, novelty, and ingenuity of criticism and reconstitution—a work dedicated at the same time to Truth and to the Muses, for there is no living French writer more graceful and charming than M. Renan.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

For nearly twenty years the charming little comedy, in verse, "Le Passant," by François Coppée, has remained where it was, untranslated and unacted in England. It was originally played, at the Odéon, by Mdlle. Agar and Sarah Bernhardt, and the last-named artist has revived it once or twice on the occasion of her periodical visits to London. Such a play—so fanciful, so delicate, so utterly opposed to the rough and coarse realism of to-day—requires very special treatment, and demands a sympathetic attention now-a-days very hard to find. Poets there are in these days of Austin Dobson and Andrew Lang and Louis Stevenson, light, lyrical writers there may be in abundance who would have done ample justice to Coppée's boyish poem, the early first-fruits of his pretty genius. Walter Pollock, who could so well translate the "Nuit d'Octobre" of Alfred De Musset, might well have been trusted with the rhymed dialogues of François Coppée. But who should play Silvia, and who would be selected for Zanetto? Where is the stately, beautiful lady, "si magnifiquement belle et si noblement pathétique"? Where is the actress of to-day who could give to Zanetto "le prestige de son exquise beauté blonde et de son talent, plein d'élégance et de grâce"? Well, there are many of us who would enjoy the treat of seeing Mrs. Kendal and Miss Ellen Terry combined in this charming composition. They would both, at any rate, have understood the poem; and they are both physically suited to the characters of the beautiful, disappointed woman, and to the airy, fairy wanderer and butterfly troubadour. But that was not to be. Mrs. Olive Logan has versified the poem, doubtless, to the best of her ability—that she has understood it, cannot so conscientiously be said. The whole meaning of the poem is contained in the first line of it and the last. The symphony is contained in the opening and concluding chord. Silvia is purposely, by the poet, discovered alone; with equal purpose she is once more alone on the fall of the curtain.

Quo l'amour soit maudit! Je ne puis plus pleurer.

This is the opening line and keynote. The last line is its deliberate echo—

Que l'amour soit bénit! Je puis pleurer encore!

A beautiful vision has come across the path of a destroying angel, and it has purified her. There has been strong temptation, and it has been resisted. This, in truth, is the alpha and the omega of the idea. The authoress therefore stands convicted of misunderstanding the poet she eulogises when she cuts out the last line in order to show Miss Grace Hawthorne taking a pretty farewell on a bank of flowers. Zanetto ought to be gone, Silvia ought to be alone, when the dream is over, or its dramatic significance is wholly lost. That one stage-direction "Silvia seule" is as important as the still grander and equally significant one in Browning's "In a Balcony"—"The Queen goes out! For the rest, Miss Grace Hawthorne and Miss Mary Rorke do their work prettily and conscientiously enough. The one is too restless and the other not sufficiently imaginative, but we may be thankful for small mercies; and even this thin little wedge into the dull mass of vulgar realism with which we are surrounded may be commended. It is a step in the right direction, and art is welcomed even with so feeble a little cry. Unfortunately, the pleasant frame of mind that the poem had produced, and the thoughts that it had engendered, were at once dissipated by an unfortunate speech proffered by the authoress. These mistakes are inexplicable. What would be thought if a pianist, who had just fascinated his audience with a musical romance by Chopin, suddenly crashed down on the piano with the Boulanger barbarism or "Two Lovely Black Eyes"? These things are not want of taste; they are brilliant examples of an extraordinary ignorance of the objects of art.

Away from the West-End they have produced two melodramas admirably adapted to the audiences they are intended to amuse. For Mr. George Conquest—an excellent, powerful, and versatile actor—there has been written a version of Adolphe Bélot's "Etrangleurs de Paris," and the playgoers on the Surrey side have been delighted with the scene where an accomplished scoundrel of the Peace order is confronted with a gang of convicts who were his old companions; and also with the sensation of a mutiny on board a convict-ship that is sunk and scuttled in mid-ocean. Mr. Conquest's performance is very clever, and so is the acting of Mrs. Bennett, who ought to be better known, for she is both powerful and pathetic.

But a still better sensation scene has been devised at the Standard by the indefatigable brothers Douglass in conjunction with Mr. T. G. Warren, author of "Nita's First." The celebrated tank of real water has, of course, to be utilised in every modern play. It comes in very handy in "The Tongue of Slander," where the heroine is supposed to be flung into a harbour basin by a couple of murderous villains, and to be subsequently rescued by the accommodating hero. To the delight of everyone assembled, in goes a woman into the water, and she scrambles somehow to the slippery side of the quay. In she goes again and is ultimately saved by a youth, who takes a sensation header. It has since been unwisely stated that it is not the heroine who goes in at all, but merely one of Mr. Beckwith's pupils, and the illusion is conveyed by means of the "Corsican Brothers" doubling trick. Nothing is left to the imagination in these days. However, this does not lessen the excitement, and we shall have America clamouring for the new drama in order to succeed "A Dark Secret," that has made an enormous success.

M. Coquelin, late of the Comédie Française, has arrived, and the season of French Plays has made a happy start with "Un Parisien"—a clever conversational comedy by Edmond Gondinet. To the surprise of everyone, quite a fashionable and intelligent audience turned up at the Royalty, at a time of year when everyone is supposed to be out of town, or shooting, or philandering at country houses. And what a delight it is once more to get a quiet and appreciative audience! No disturbances in the pit, no vulgar remonstrances in the gallery, no ribaldry or noise, but at last the same pleasant, sympathetic atmosphere that used to pervade nearly every playhouse fifteen or twenty years ago. Every witty line is caught up and admired, each detail of the acting comes under quiet critical revision. The object is to be pleased, if possible, and not to chaff or jeer. It is quite certain that some of the most intelligent playgoers are kept out of the theatre now-a-days by the style of play that is offered by those who maintain that every object is gained if people are amused by means legitimate or illegitimate. But there is such a thing as intellectual amusement also, as is proved by the style of audience that comes to the French plays. Comedies quite as clever as "Un Parisien" would certainly be written by English authors if English audiences would only listen to them. But we must purify our theatrical atmosphere before we can ever expect better and more earnest work. M. Coquelin is not seen at his best in "Un Parisien." He has an unfortunate presence, and Time has not dealt kindly with this inimitable artist. To look at, anything more unlike the fastidious Parisian it would be impossible to conceive. He does not look well, or dress well. What would he not give for the figure of a Charles Mathews or the agility of a Wyndham! But he makes up by art for the deficiencies of nature, and he talks a character as well as anybody possibly could talk it who has studied the

principles of comedy effect. But it must be painful for an actor who has an idea of playing lovers and essaying romances to find that he is getting fat, and that his features are even more comical than they used to be. It is to be feared that Coquelin will be as out of place as a romantic actor as Liston or Buckstone. Art can do much; but it cannot quite transform a podgy little gentleman with such features as these into a fastidious and refined bachelor with a tender heart and emotional nature.

## OLYMPIA.

London is now provided with a delightful place of amusement for the winter months. The cold wintry weather has come on; Buffalo Bill with his red shirts and red skins has packed up and gone north in search of fresh conquests, and parties to Olympia are the latest distractions in society. This is no such exaggerated statement as it may at first appear; because it is the correct thing to dine first before spending the evening at the circus. This is easily done, thanks to the energy of the contractors, Messrs. Bertram and Roberts, so that once safely out of the railway at Addison-road there is much to do and see before the entertainment is timed to begin.

The novelty of novelties this year is the transport to England by M. Hippolyte Houcke of a fully equipped tribe of Arabs from Africa. It was not sufficient for this spirited organiser to bring over from the Hippodrome in Paris the magnificent stud of horse, the ponies, the donkeys, the elephants, and the dromedaries with their harness, chariots, carriages and nameless impedimenta. If Buffalo Bill could bring Red Indians from the "Wild West," surely it was possible to locate a tribe of fighting Arabs in the Addison-road? But mere warriors would be nothing without a complete picture of nomad life on the fringe of the Great African desert. So the chiefs are accompanied by their dancing girls, their dervishes, their tom-tom players, their swarthy Moors and their melancholy musicians, all in complete costume, and just as they might be seen in their native home. In order to give a dramatic character to the exhibition Mr. Houcke has not been above borrowing a wrinkle from his American rival at Earl's Court. In an incredibly small space of time the huge arena is covered with a single set of railway-lines, and just as the picturesque Arabs, after their dance and music, are prepared to "fold their tents" and "silently steal away," on comes the attacking train with its French Zouaves and Turcos. This military train is attacked, the soldiers are detraught, a fight takes place, vivandières and surgeons appear on the scene, and at last, when victory has been claimed by the French, the train steams away again, and the disconsolate Arabs make for their fortresses and native villages with thinned ranks. This dramatic fight is reserved for the close of the entertainment; but, before that, scenes are given in the circle as well as in the outside arena, that makes a capital race-course and hunting-field.

In the large arena may be successively seen a tribe of Algerian gymnasts with their wild shrieks and extraordinary agility; classic chariot races designed from Pompeian vases; lovely ladies driving tandems and taking quick-set hedges in their wild career; the driving "post" of thirty-two horses by Miss Jenny O'Brien, a most active and skilful little lady, as well as pony and donkey races to delight the children; an elephant who imitates a "schooled horse" in the circle, and ultimately carries horse, rider and all on his back to the stables; a collection of trained dogs, with the most admirable of comical poodles; and a clown with a funny companion dressed up as a talkative pig. These are all new features, which will be discussed wherever Olympia and its many delights are alluded to. In addition to them, between the acts visitors are invited to go round and inspect the stables, the harness-rooms, and the miniature menagerie. Order and discipline prevail everywhere. Few noblemen in these days can afford to litter their horses in such golden straw, and the ventilation is so excellent that the stable smell is altogether absent. The electric-light is now used all over the building, which is warm and comfortable, and it is difficult to see how a winter evening can be more pleasantly spent than in a private box at Olympia, with a party of friends, seeing all that is most beautiful in animal life and attractive in man and woman. Olympia promises once more to be a great and deserved success.

"Hood's Comic Annual" for 1888, just issued, contains many humorous stories, in prose and verse, by Mr. G. R. Sims and other well-known authors, and is copiously illustrated by artists of note. It is appropriately published at *Fun* office.

The great success which attended the previous performances of Greek plays at the Theatre Royal, Cambridge, has induced the committee, consisting of some of the most prominent members of the University—Professor Kennedy being the president—to place this year upon the stage the "Edipus Tyrannus" of Sophocles. It is proposed to give seven representations, commencing on Nov. 22, and ending on Nov. 26.

The following has been fixed as the line of route for the Lord Mayor's Show:—Gresham-street, Princes-street, Mansion House-street, Poultry, Cheapside, Newgate-street, Holborn- viaduct, Charterhouse-street, Carthusian-street, Aldersgate- street, Long-lane, West Smithfield, King-street, Farringdon-street, Fleet-street, Strand, Charing-cross, Northumberland-avenue, Victoria Embankment, Queen Victoria-street, Queen-street, King-street, Guildhall.

Sir Auckland Colvin, late financial adviser to the Viceroy of India, has been succeeded in that office by Mr. Barbour, Secretary to the Government of India Department of Finance and Commerce. Sir Auckland sailed on Monday for India to assume the duties of Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces, vice Sir Alfred Lyall. Mr. Barbour does not leave England to assume his new duties until next month, in order that he may be present at the final deliberations of the Gold and Silver Currency Commission, of which he is a member.

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## MUSIC.

The Monday Popular Concerts opened their thirtieth season at St. James's Hall this week. The programme began with Spohr's string quartet in A, op. 93, one of his many works of the kind, in which the first violin part has more than the prominence usually given to it in concertante pieces of this class. This may be naturally accounted for by the fact of the composer having been one of the greatest violinists of his time, and these works being intended at first for his own co-operation in the principal part. With some of the mannerisms which began to be apparent in the music of Spohr's middle and later career, the quartet now referred to possesses many beauties. It was excellently rendered on Monday, with Madame Norman-Néruda as leading violinist, in association with Mr. L. Ries, Mr. Hollander, and Mr. E. Howell. The lady played, as her solo, three movements from a "Suite" by Franz Ries. Young Josef Hofmann made his first appearance at these concerts, and displayed all those remarkable qualities which justify his title to be considered as a phenomenal boy. His pianoforte solos on this occasion were some variations by Rameau, a waltz by Chopin, Mendelssohn's "Lied ohne Wörte," known as "Spinlied," and another piece in answer to the encore. The programme included vocal solos rendered with much refinement by Miss Liza Lehmann; and the concert closed with Schumann's variations in B flat for two pianofortes, in which young Hofmann was associated with his father and instructor, Herr Casimir Hofmann. The first of this season's Saturday afternoon performances takes place this week. The instrumental selection will consist entirely of Beethoven's music. Mr. Charles Hallé will be the solo pianist, Madame Norman-Néruda again the leading and solo violinist, and Mr. Santley the vocalist.

The Crystal Palace Saturday afternoon concert of last week (the third of the present series) was devoted to a performance of Sir Arthur Sullivan's cantata "The Golden Legend," which maintains its public interest, as is proved by the many repetitions it has received in various quarters since its first production at the Leeds Festival of last year. A specialty in last week's performance was the assignment of the solo music belonging to the character of Elsie to Madame Nordica—by whom it was brightly sung—the other principal solo vocalists having been Miss Hilda Wilson, Mr. Iver McKay, and Mr. Watkin Mills. The Crystal Palace band and orchestra—under Mr. Manns, their conductor—gave due effect to the respective details of the score. This week's Saturday concert will be appropriated to a performance of the music of Mozart's "Don Giovanni," in celebration of the hundredth anniversary of its production. Evening promenade concerts have been established at the Crystal Palace, the first having taken place last Thursday week. The co-operation of the fine Crystal Palace orchestra, conducted by Mr. Manns, and the engagement of eminent vocalists, are attractive features. The second of these performances took place last Thursday evening.

The Royal Academy of Music gave the first chamber-concert of the present term at St. James's Hall last week, when a cantata, entitled "Around the Hearth," by the Principal, Sir G. A. Macfarren, was performed for the first time. It is written for female voices, and includes a series of pleasing ballads. Other performances by the students testified to the efficiency of the course of tuition pursued at the establishment. A concert was also given last week by the students of the Royal College of Music at Kensington, in which the pupils manifested good progress in various branches of the art.

Mr. Walter Bache's pianoforte recital at St. James's Hall last Saturday afternoon was one of the many tributes that have been rendered by him to his friend and instructor the late Franz Liszt, the date having been that of the anniversary of his birth. The programme consisted entirely of music by Liszt, which was rendered by Mr. Bache with his well-known skill and earnestness.

Mr. William Carter will give one of his grand Festival Concerts next Monday at the Royal Albert Hall, Madame Albani, Madame Trebelli, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Santley, and other eminent artists being announced to appear.—The Royal Albert Hall Choral Society, conducted by Mr. Barnby, will open its seventeenth season next Thursday evening, with a performance of "The Golden Legend;" the artists being Madame Nordica, Madame Belle Cole, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Vaughan Edwards, and Mr. Henschel. There will be a band and chorus of one thousand, Mr. Barnby conducting.

That estimable pianist, Miss Mathilde Wurm, will give a recital at Prince's Hall next Tuesday evening, assisted by Signor Piatti as violoncellist and Miss Sophie Löwe as vocalist.

The Cheltenham Musical Festival (the arrangements for which have already been referred to by us) was announced to take place during the first half of this week—the Huddersfield Jubilee Festival performances (also previously referred to by us) being fixed for next Wednesday—morning and evening.

The manager of the Crystal Palace writes that the renewal of the theatrical license of the Crystal Palace has not been refused, and the performances take place as usual.

The portrait of the late Right Hon. A. J. Beresford-Hope, M.P., is from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company; and that of the late Major Evans Bell is from one by Mr. F. S. Mann, of Hastings.

Messrs. John Walker and Co., of Farringdon House, Warwick-lane, have introduced a new series of pocket-diaries, excellently got up as regards printing and binding. They are of various forms and sizes, and the pencil cannot well be lost.

From the calendar of the Royal College of Surgeons, which has just been published by the council, it appears that there are now 17,377 members on the roll. To these must be added 1116 fellows, 957 licentiates in midwifery, and 617 licentiates in dental surgery—making a total of 20,067 recognised medical men practising their profession in all parts of her Majesty's dominions and in several foreign States also.

The Bishop of St. Albans dedicated the new tower and spire of the parish church at Brentwood on the 19th inst. The total cost of the church exceeded £20,000. Of this amount about £10,000 was contributed by the late Rev. C. A. Belli, formerly precentor of St. Paul's Cathedral, and the late Mr. O. E. Coope was also a liberal donor. A peal of eight bells has been given in memory of the late Mr. Belli.

The new buildings erected in the Finchley-road, Hampstead, to take the place of the old Hackney College, in Well-street, for the training of students for the Congregational ministry, were opened on the 19th inst. In the morning a dedication service was held, under the presidency of the Rev. Dr. W. Tyler. A luncheon followed, Mr. Henry Spicer presiding. In the evening a meeting was held, in which several ministers took part. The new buildings, with purchase of the land and furniture, will cost about £23,000. Donations and legacies have been made providing over £8300, and £4000 is expected to be realised by the sale of the old college premises. At the luncheon subscriptions amounting to over £1100 were announced, and further contributions were made during the day. The new buildings will provide residential and other accommodation for the principal, and thirty-six students. The old name, Hackney College, is to be retained for the building.



1. Thames Embankment.

2. London Bridge.

3. Trafalgar-square.

4. Covent-garden.

HOW SOME OF THE LONDON POOR SPEND THE NIGHT.

Trafalgar-square is certainly not a fit place either for meetings and speeches in the day, or for a dormitory of houseless people at night. It is easy to understand why the promoters of a threatening agitation should choose to assemble there, at the west end of the Strand, in the vicinity of the Government offices and the clubs, and on the way to the streets where fashionable shops, filled with valuable articles, are exposed to the attacks of the troops of rascality that always follow every assembly on the chance of a tumult. But it is not so easy to explain why three or four hundred men, women, and children, who complain of the want of nightly shelter, and who are legally entitled to seek a refuge in the casual wards of the numerous workhouses all over London, should prefer an open space, miles away from their daily haunts, presenting no sort of advantage for those who suffer from the cold and dread the

rain at this season of the year. To allow such people to lie there at night is very questionable mercy; and, if some grown-up men have recently taken to this practice, as a colour to the menacing demonstrations of "the unemployed," they should not be permitted, at any rate, to inflict so much cruelty on the women and children, whose presence there during the night is an indecent scandal to a civilised community, and who are perhaps made unwilling victims of an organised imposture. The homeless wanderers, many of them strangers in London, may be as innocent as they are unfortunate; but those who direct them to Trafalgar-square probably do so with no good intentions.

In a city with a population of four millions, and into which thousands are daily pouring from all parts of the country, while thousands more are daily quitting one district

of town for another, too often in a state of real destitution, there must always be hundreds, every night in the year, found sleeping, or trying to sleep, in the open air. They congregate under railway arches, and in the open staircases of industrial dwellings, in the recesses of the bridges, in sheltered doorways, and, indeed, wherever there is a chance of their being allowed to remain undisturbed. The recent nocturnal gatherings in Trafalgar-square cannot, as we have remarked, be ascribed to the natural instinct which directs mankind, like all animals, to find the most sheltered place of repose. It is, of course, a sad and shocking sight to witness such an assemblage, and there can be no doubt that the condition of many who are induced to come there is one of hopeless poverty. The matter is one to be dealt with by the public authorities; and on the night of Thursday week, at a very late hour, a new departure with



THE POOR HELPING THE POOR: SCENE IN TRAFALGAR-SQUARE AT ONE A.M., TUESDAY, OCT. 18.

reference to the outcasts in the square was made by the police. By half-past eleven o'clock, between 300 and 400 homeless wanderers of both sexes had gathered in the square, and by a quarter to twelve many of them lay down to sleep on the seats and at the side of the square. Shortly after midnight a police inspector appeared with tickets for the Endell-street Casual Ward. The outcasts were offered the tickets for the casual ward, with the alternative of being charged under the Vagrancy Act if they stayed. Some accepted the casual ward tickets, while some preferred to go to other quarters.

On Tuesday week, there was an instance of "the poor helping the poor," of which we give an illustration. The costermongers of Whitecross-street, hard pushed as they generally are to make a living, collected amongst themselves the sum of three pounds, and this was spent in the purchase of sixty gallons of tea and coffee, and several hundred rations of bread and cheese, which were distributed in Trafalgar-square, during the small hours of the Tuesday morning, to a ravenously eager but perfectly orderly crowd of between four and five hundred persons, who formed in line beneath the balustrade, and were marshalled along to the east side of the square, where the distribution took place. It was evident from the manner in which most of the poor people devoured their portions that they were in a condition little short of starvation; and the kindly fellows who made the distribution were careful to give an extra quantity of bread and cheese to those whose appearance denoted the direst extremity of poverty. Some there were who certainly did not seem to be in very urgent want, but, indeed, very much the reverse. No applicant, however, was refused; and the generosity of these humble benefactors of their poorer brethren was enhanced by the kindly and unostentatious way in which the act of charity was performed.

Inquiries made amongst these people show that not much more than one third have any regular calling or occupation. The rest have simply lived from day to day as best they could from childhood, and find it difficult to explain how they really have managed to exist so long. Of those who are destitute only through the lack of work, which they profess to be willing to accept, something like thirty per cent say, when questioned, that they have come from the country, in the expectation of finding employment in London.

The Commissioner of Police desires to point out to the public that his endeavours to provide sleeping accommodation for the destitute poor in Trafalgar-square have been prevented, to a considerable extent, for several nights by the benevolent efforts of those who have, without any arrangement with him, brought food there, and thus have attracted persons who would otherwise have gone to casual wards or common lodging-houses. Arrangements have been made, with the concurrence of the Board of Guardians, to provide sleeping accommodation to all who may need it. Sir Charles Warren adds, "It is to be trusted that the public will not interfere with the police arrangements in keeping the square clear at night of sleepers and vagrants, and that those who are benevolently disposed will confer with the Commissioner or the Chief Magistrate before they take any action calculated to attract persons to the square at night. The Commissioner of Police is taking steps to arrest, under the Vagrant Act, all rogues and vagabonds throughout the metropolis who are found wandering or sleeping in the open air at night during the cold weather."

Our Sketches on another page, showing "how some of the London poor spend the night," were taken not only in Trafalgar-square, but also in Covent-garden, on the Thames Embankment, and on London Bridge. It must be obvious to reflecting persons that true and wise charity will not encourage these wretched creatures to loiter at night in the open air in hopes of gifts of money or food alone; and those who bestow such gifts should take care to provide tickets for some refuge or lodging-house, to which the police should be instructed to guide the destitute vagrants, who should, on refusal, be taken into custody and removed at once to the police-cells.

The Duke of Aosta, acting as the delegate of King Humbert, on Sunday unveiled two monuments erected at Casale in honour of Signori Lanza and Rattazzi, former Ministers of State.

On Thursday evening, last week, the Emperor William, accompanied by Prince William of Prussia, left Baden and travelled all night, reaching Berlin at eight o'clock next morning; transacted business and received visits all day long, and went to the theatre in the evening. On Sunday evening the Emperor gave a banquet to the Ministers of State and other high civil and military dignitaries, it being exactly thirty years since his Majesty assumed the virtual government of the Monarchy on the mental collapse of his Royal brother, Frederick William IV. The Emperor was wildly cheered as he stood bowing at his study window, looking a marvellous picture of health and vigour for a man of his years. On Monday afternoon the Emperor left Berlin for Wernigerode to join a shooting-party on Count Stolberg's estates.—Field-Marshal Count Moltke celebrated his eighty-seventh birthday on Wednesday at his seat at Kreisau, in Silesia.

Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein was received in private audience at Vienna on the 21st inst. by the Emperor of Austria, who in the evening gave a dinner-party in the Prince's honour, at which Sir A. Paget and the members of the British Embassy, and the principal Court dignitaries, were present.—In the Lower House of the Hungarian Diet on the 22nd, M. Tisza submitted the Budget of the kingdom for 1888. The aggregate expenditure is estimated at 445,037,108 fl., including 13,771,079 fl. for reproductive works.

The Danish Folkething having rejected the Budget by sixty-eight votes to twenty-five, the Parliament has been prorogued until Dec. 5; and in the meantime a provisional law has been promulgated authorising the Government to collect the taxes.

The King and Queen of the Hellenes, with the other members of the Royal family, arrived at Athens on the 19th inst. The King warmly commended M. Tricoupi for his good administration during his Majesty's absence.—The Greek Chambers are summoned to meet on the 5th prox.

In order to balance the Russian Budget, the land-tax is to be increased in twenty-eight provinces, and notably in the Baltic provinces.—Eleven officers of the Moscow detective force have been sentenced, five to transportation and six to various terms of imprisonment, for conniving at the crimes of offenders, some of whom are notorious robbers. One of the persons sentenced is Colonel Mouravieff, former chief of the local detective force.

President and Mrs. Cleveland returned to Washington on Saturday last.—The *Daily News* New York correspondent telegraphs an announcement of Mr. Edison that he has effected improvements in his phonograph, and after eight months' steady work has made it a commercial invention. The first 500 he hopes will be ready in January.—The death is announced at New York, of Mr. Washburne, who was the United States Minister to France during the Franco-Prussian War and the period of the Commune.

News was received at Brussels on Tuesday of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition. Mr. H. M. Stanley was in excellent health, and all was going on well.

## OBITUARY.

LORD DE TABLEY.

The Right Hon. George, second Lord De Tabley, of Tabley House, in the county of Chester, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom, and a Baronet of Ireland, Lieutenant-Colonel-Commandant of the Earl of Chester's Yeomanry Cavalry, died on the 19th inst. He was born Oct. 28, 1811, the elder son of Sir John Fleming Leicester, Bart. (raised to the Peerage

in 1826), was educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford, and succeeded his father in 1827. From 1853 to 1858, and from 1859 to 1866, he was a Lord-in-Waiting to the Queen; and from 1868 to 1872 filled the office of Treasurer to her Majesty's household. His Lordship assumed, by Royal license, in 1832, the surname and arms of Warren. He married, first, June 21, 1832, Catharina Barbara, daughter of Jerome, Count De Salis; and, secondly, Jan. 26, 1871, Elizabeth, widow of Mr. James Hugh Smith-Barry, of Foatly Island, in the county of Cork, and of Marbury Hall, Cheshire, and daughter of Captain Shallcross Jacson, of Newton Bank. By his first wife, who died Feb. 20, 1869, he leaves three surviving children, John Byrne Leicester Warren, M.A., now third Lord De Tabley, born April 26, 1835; Eleanor Leicester, wife of Sir Baldwin Leighton, Bart., and Margaret Leicester, wife of Sir Emile Algernon Arthur Cowell Stepney, Bart. An elder daughter, Meriel Leicester, married, in 1862, Allen A. Bathurst, M.P. (afterwards Earl Bathurst), and died in 1872. By paternal descent, the Lords De Tabley inherit the baronetcy, and represent the old family of Byrne, of Timogue, in the Queen's County.

THE RIGHT HON. A. BERESFORD-HOPE.

The Right Hon. Alexander James Beresford-Beresford-Hope, M.A., LL.D., D.C.L., of Bedgebury Park, Kent, and Beresford Hall, in the county of Stafford, M.P. for the University of Cambridge, died on the 20th inst. He was born Jan. 25, 1820, the third son of Mr. Thomas Hope, of Deepdene, Sussex, and Duchess-street, Cavendish-square (the author of "Anastasius"), by the Hon. Louisa Beresford, his wife, daughter of Lord Decies, Archbishop of Tuam, which lady married for her second husband Field-Marshal Viscount Beresford. He was educated at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1841. In 1854, he succeeded by the devise of his stepfather, Viscount Beresford, to the estates of Bedgebury and Beresford Hall, and assumed the prefix surname of Beresford. He entered Parliament as member for Maidstone in 1841, sat subsequently for Stoke-on-Trent, and was elected in 1868 for the University of Cambridge, which he represented up to the time of his death. In politics he was an Independent Conservative, devoted to the cause of the Church of England. Mr. Beresford-Hope, who was at one time President of the Royal Institute of British Architects, was author of "The English Cathedral of the Nineteenth Century," "Worship in the Church of England," and other works. The *Saturday Review* belonged to him. He married, July 7, 1842, Lady Mildred Gascoyne-Cecil, eldest daughter of the late, and sister of the present, Marquis of Salisbury, and leaves issue. A Portrait of Mr. Beresford-Hope appears in our pages this week.

SIR H. W. GORDON.

Sir Henry William Gordon, K.C.B., died on the 22nd inst., at his residence, Oat Hall, Hayward's Heath, Sussex, after a few hours' illness. He was the eldest son of the late Lieutenant-General Gordon, R.A.; by Elizabeth Goodwyn, daughter of Mr. S. Enderby, of Croom's Hill, Blackheath, and brother of Major-General C. G. Gordon, the hero of Khartoum. Sir Henry was born on July 9, 1818. He was educated at Sandhurst, and entered the Army in August, 1835. He served in the 59th Foot, and was employed on the Staff in the East and West Indies and China; retiring from the Army in 1855. In 1847 and 1848 Sir Henry was Assistant-Poor-Law Commissioner in Ireland, and was employed as Relief Inspector during the famine in that country. He entered the Ordnance Department in 1855, and served in the Crimea from March, 1855, till July, 1856. Subsequently, he served at Dublin, Weedon, and Woolwich; and was appointed Controller in January, 1870; and Commissary-General in November, 1875. Sir Henry received the Crimean and Turkish medals. In 1857 he was nominated a Civil C.B., and in 1877 he was promoted to a (Civil) K.C.B. In 1851 Sir Henry Gordon was married to Henrietta Rose, widow of Captain Granet, of the 12th Foot, and fourth daughter of the late Lieutenant-General W. Staveley, C.B., Commander-in-Chief of Madras. Sir Henry was a Magistrate in the county of Middlesex and Westminster from 1879 till his death.

THE CHEVALIER LLOYD.

The Chevalier Jacob Yonde William Lloyd, of Clochfaen, in the county of Montgomery, M.A., K.S.G., died, on the 14th inst., at Ventnor, aged seventy. He was a son of the late Mr. Jacob William Hinde, of Langham Hall, in the county of Essex, Lord of the Manor, and his wife, Harriet, daughter and coheiress of the late Rev. Thomas Yonde, of Clochfaen, in the county of Montgomery, and Plas Madoc, in the county of Denbigh. The Chevalier was educated at Wadham College, Oxford, of which society he was an M.A. As the representative, through his maternal ancestress, the heiress of Clochfaen, of the two ancient Welsh families of Lloyd of Clochfaen and Lloyd of Plas Madoc, he, in 1868, assumed, by Royal license, the name and arms of the former house. The deceased gentleman was for some time in the Papal Zouaves, and, in 1870, received from Pius IX. the order of St. Gregory the Great. The Chevalier was well known as a learned Welsh archæologist, and his work, "The History of Powys Fadog" (six vols.), compiled from, in many cases, original sources, and at great labour and expense, will long testify to his love for the Principality. His many works of charity to the poor are well known in his neighbourhood. As an example of his munificence, it may be mentioned that he restored the church of Llangurig, in which parish the Clochfaen estate is situated, at a cost of £10,000.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Mr. Robert Campbell, of Buscot Park, Berks, J.P., on the 15th inst., at Brighton, aged seventy-six.

Baron Herman De Stern, head of the well-known firm of Stern Brothers, on the 20th inst., aged seventy-two.

Mr. G. W. Reid, F.S.A., Keeper of the Prints and Drawings at the British Museum, on the 20th inst., aged sixty-eight.

The Rev. George Smith, B.D., Rector of Homersfield, Rural Dean of Wangford and South Elmham, and Hon. Canon of Norwich Cathedral, on the 17th inst., aged sixty-four.

Mr. Denis Shine Lawlor, of Castlelough, Killarney, county Kerry, J.P., High Sheriff, 1840, on the 17th inst., at Chesterton, Inchbrook, Gloucestershire, aged seventy-nine. He

assumed the surname of Lawlor, in addition to his patronymic, in right of his maternal ancestry. His eldest daughter, Isabella Ellen, married Daniel O'Connell of Darrynane.

Mr. Montague Bere, Q.C., Judge of the Cornwall County Court, on the 19th inst., at his residence, Grimstone, near Horrabridge, South Devon, at the age of sixty-three.

The Rev. Sir George Wilmot-Horton, Bart., of Osmaston Hall and Catton Hall, Derbyshire, and Walton, Staffordshire, on the 24th inst. His memoir will be given next week.

The Rev. Edward Thring, head-master of Uppingham School, on the 22nd inst. He was held in high esteem. His work on "The Theory and Practice of Teaching" has gained universal popularity.

Mr. Charles Seely, who was for many years member for Lincoln, on the 21st inst., at his residence, Brooke House, Yarmouth, I.W. He was just eighty-five years of age, and expired on the anniversary of his birth.

The Hon. Mrs. Charles Henry Cust (Caroline Sophia), widow of the Hon. C. H. Cust, M.P. for North Salop, and eldest daughter of Reginald George Macdonald, Chief of Clanranald, on the 16th inst.

The Rev. Robert Bryan Cooke, formerly Rector of Wheldrake, and Canon of York, on the 16th inst., at Bryn Alyn, Mold, aged eighty-seven; he was second son of Colonel Bryan Cooke, of Owston, M.P. for Malton.

Captain H. E. Walter Beville, Assistant-Commissioner in the Chindwin District, Burmah, eldest son of Major-General Beville, C.B., of Burfield Hall, Wymondham, by Mary Anne, his wife, daughter of Mr. John Lambert, of Castle Lambert, in the county of Galway, on the 16th inst. He was killed while gallantly leading an attack against a large body of insurgents.

Mr. Christopher Armitage Nicholson, M.A., of Balrath Bury, in the county of Meath, J.P. and D.L., High Sheriff, 1856, on the 19th inst. He was the representative of an old and influential family, the son of the late Mr. John Armitage Nicholson, of Balrath, M.A., High Sheriff of Meath in 1827, by Elizabeth Rebecca, his wife, daughter of Dr. Alexander, Bishop of Meath.

## THE COURT.

The Queen, who is still at Balmoral, drove out yesterday week, and afterwards went out with Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg. In the afternoon her Majesty drove out, accompanied by Princess Christian and the Duchess of Connaught. Lord John Manners and Sir Howard Elphinstone had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. Her Majesty went out last Saturday morning with Princess Christian, Princess Beatrice, and the Duchess of Connaught; and in the afternoon her Majesty drove out, accompanied by Princess Beatrice. The Duchess of Connaught, with Prince Arthur and Princesses Margaret and Victoria Patricia of Connaught, took leave of the Queen, and left the castle for London on their way to India. Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein and Prince Henry of Battenberg, accompanied her Royal Highness to Ballater. A guard of honour of the Seaforth Highlanders paraded at the railway station. On Sunday morning, the Queen and Princess Christian were present at Divine service in the parish church of Crathie. The Communion was dispensed. The Rev. A. Campbell officiated. Lord John Manners had the honour of dining with the Queen and Royal family.

Princess Beatrice, Princess Henry of Battenberg, gave birth to a daughter on Monday afternoon. Her Royal Highness and the infant were doing well at the time of our going to press with the early edition. This is the first instance of a member of the Royal family having been born in Scotland since the year 1600.

On Thursday week the Prince of Wales, who was visiting Sir Thomas Hesketh at Easton Neston, drove to Whittlebury, and shot over the preserves of Sir Robert Loder. His Royal Highness, attended by Colonel Stanley Clarke, and, accompanied by a party of five guns, enjoyed excellent sport. On the following day the Prince inspected Sir Robert's famous herd of shorthorns; and on Saturday he returned to Marlborough House. The Prince, the Duchess of Connaught, the Duke of Cambridge and a numerous suite witnessed the performance of "Un Parisien" at the opening of the French plays at the Royalty Theatre on Monday evening. The Prince left Marlborough House on Tuesday morning for Newmarket, returning to town on Thursday. Prince Albert Victor is confined to Marlborough House owing to a slight accident to his right foot. A Reuter's telegram, dated Fredensborg, Oct. 24, says:—"The Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales, as well as the other Royal and Imperial patients, continue progressing satisfactorily."

Admiral W. Gore Jones has been placed on the retired list of his rank, and Vice-Admiral the Duke of Edinburgh has consequently been promoted to be Admiral.

Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess, the Duke of Teck, and Princess Victoria terminated their visit to the Duke and Duchess of Westminster at Eaton on Monday, and left to spend a few days with Lord and Lady Egerton of Tatton, at Tatton Park, Knutsford.

The Earl of Kingston has been elected by a majority of votes to fill the vacancy in the representative Peerage of Ireland caused by the death of Viscount Doneraile.

The directors of the Gas Light and Coke Company have resolved, from and after Jan. 1 next, to reduce the price of gas to private consumers on the north side of the Thames to 2s. 9d. per thousand cubic feet for common gas, and to 3s. 5d. per thousand feet for cannel gas.

The importance of teaching history in schools was urged by Professor Mandell Creighton, Mr. Oscar Browning, and other gentlemen, at a meeting convened by the Royal Historical Society in the hall of the Society of Arts, John-street, Adelphi, on Saturday last.

The Clothworkers' Company has given £100 to the Children's Country Holiday Fund, in response to the appeal by the Bishop of London; and the treasurer of the National Sea Fisheries' Protection Association has received a donation of £200 towards its funds from the Fishmongers' Company.

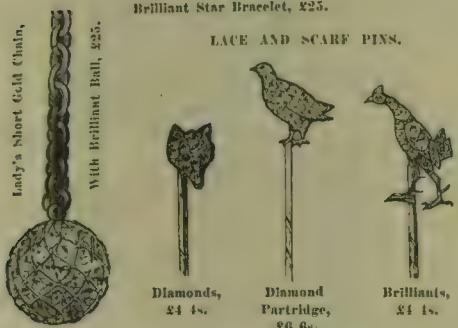
The Newport Market Refuge was opened on Monday evening. Last winter it sheltered for the night 4699 men and 3488 women. The Industrial School attached to it is quite full. As the funds are all but exhausted, donations will be received by the secretary, Lieutenant-Colonel H. B. Buchanan; or the bankers, Messrs. Cocks, Biddulph, and Co., 43, Charing-cross.

Mr. Chamberlain has, it is stated, discussed the Dauntsey Charity question with the Mercers' Company, and the result is a proposal which appears to meet the approval of all parties. The sum to be devoted to the charity is to be £60,000, instead of £30,000, as proposed in the scheme which Parliament rejected. With the income from this amount the present almshouses, which cost about £250 per annum to maintain, will be continued, a free elementary school for the children of the locality will be maintained, and the balance, which is expected to be about two-thirds of the whole, will be used for establishing an agricultural school for the children of labourers.

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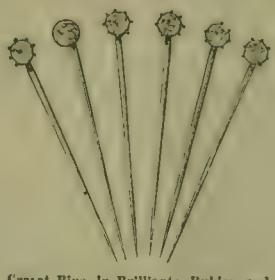
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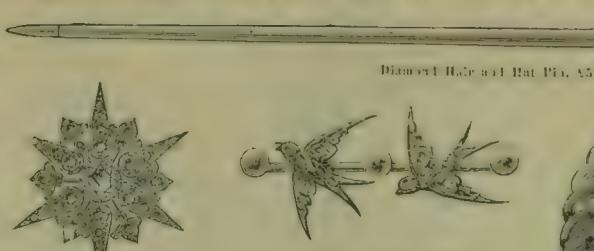
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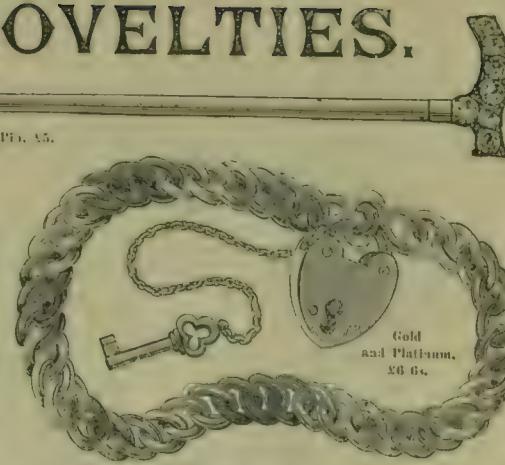
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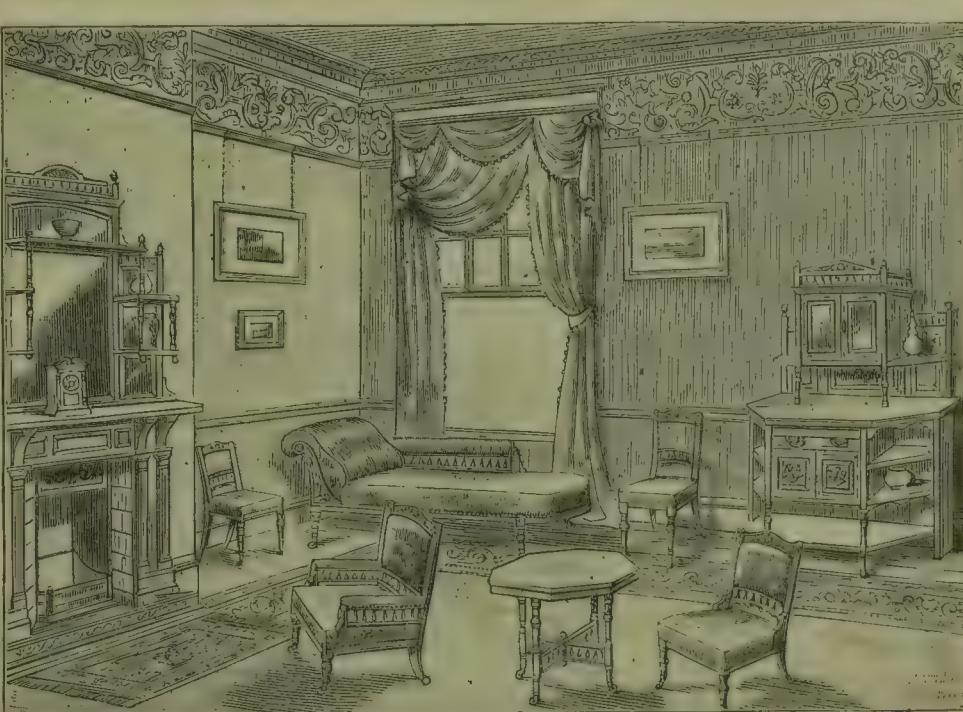
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SKETCHES AT THE MEETING AT CLERKENWELL-GREEN.



1. Trafalgar-square on Sunday.

2. Clerkenwell-green on Sunday.

3. Canon Rowse addressing the mob outside Westminster Abbey on Sunday.

MEETINGS OF THE UNEMPLOYED IN LONDON.



SKETCHES FROM THE NEW BURLESQUE "MISS ESMERALDA," AT THE GAIETY THEATRE.



SKETCHES FROM THE BURLESQUE OF "THE SULTAN OF MOCHA," AT THE STRAND THEATRE.

**"MISS ESMERALDA," AT THE GAIETY.**

The general brightness which has characterised the lively musical novelties at the Gaiety since Mr. George Edwardes assumed the lesseeship and direction of this theatre is particularly noticeable in the latest burlesque-drama, "Miss Esmeralda," the remarkably clever stage-management of which, by Mr. Charles Harris, was duly commended in these columns when this extremely vivacious piece first saw the footlights. It is needless to review the sparkling and fanciful play afresh. It will be sufficient to touch lightly on the principal characters borrowed boldly from Victor Hugo's "Notre Dame" by the authors, Mr. A. C. Torr (an *actor* of mark: no other than talented Mr. Fred. Leslie) and Mr. Horace Mills, who have treated the great romance with as much respect as burlesque-writers are capable of. The chief hit is made by that racy Irish comedian, Mr. E. J. Lonnens, who is an inimitable droll and an original Claude Frollo. He fairly revels in his part, dancing and singing with equal zest and energy. That genial humourist, Mr. Robert Martin, author and composer of "Ballyhooley," has furnished Mr. Lonnens with another delightfully funny Hibernian song, "Killaloe," which excites as much mirth as the former merry ditty. Then we have that sweet-voiced songstress, Miss Marion Hood, as the fair and graceful heroine; piquante and lissom Miss Fanny Leslie as Captain Phoebe; Mr. F. Thornton as a grotesque Quasimodo; that dainty danseuse, Miss Letty Lind, as Fleur-de-Lis; Mr. George Stone as an unctuously-droll Gringoire;

and Miss Ada and Miss Addie Blanche as sparkling representatives of the corps of pretty ladies the Gaiety is noted for. The music of Herr Meyer Lutz is characteristically gay and melodious, and eminently suitable to the theme of "Miss Esmeralda."

The Turners' Company have held their annual exhibition this week at the Mansion House.

The exhibition of her Majesty's Jubilee presents, at St. James's Palace, will close after Wednesday, Nov. 23.

The Queen has approved the appointment of Sir Alexander J. Arbuthnot to be a member of the Council of India, on the expiration of the term of office of Sir Robert Dalyell.

Sir Joseph Weston on Saturday last unveiled the statue which has been erected at Bristol to the memory of the late Mr. Samuel Morley.

The ninth annual exhibition connected with the brewers, distillers, mineral-water manufacturers, wine and spirit merchants, licensed victuallers, and allied trades, was opened on Monday at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, and continued until to-day (Saturday).

A Reuter's telegram from Simla reports that a Bill has been passed by the Viceregal Council for the protection of wild birds. The chief object of the measure is to check the large slaughter of certain birds for whose plumage there is a demand in the European markets.

**"THE SULTAN OF MOCHA," AT THE STRAND.**

That Miss Lydia Thompson exercised sound judgment in commencing her management of the Strand Theatre with Mr. Alfred Cellier's comic opera "The Sultan of Mocha," is proved by the success of the brilliant revival. There is a distinct demand for enlivening entertainment of this description. After dinner, it is pleasant to be amused by the quips and cranks and somewhat shallow humour of such diverting pieces as "The Sultan of Mocha," which is really beautifully mounted. Miss Violet Cameron, the handsome heroine Dolly, is a Greenwich lass, and is beloved by dulcet Sailor Peter (Mr. Henry Bracy) and quaintly comic Mr. Charles Danby (Captain Sneak), the latter of whom carries her off to Mocha. There the Sultan is enamoured of her charms; but she is, of course, rescued at last by Sailor Peter (whose "So Sleepy!" song is very charmingly rendered by the favourite tenor). The artist has portrayed all these personages and more. In addition to Miss Violet Cameron and Mr. Henry Bracy (who is rather unaccountably placed in the background—in the right hand corner, at the top) we have Mr. Ernest Birch limned as the august and imposing Sultan; sweetly pretty and sprightly Miss Madeleine Shirley, as Dolly's friend, Lucy; Mr. C. H. Kenny as the comic Admiral of the Fleet; and just one comely example of the attractively-costumed choristers and coryphées who form such alluring feasts of colour in "The Sultan of Mocha."

**MARRIAGE.**

On the 20th inst., at St. Paul's, Onslow-sq., by the Rev. Fred. Brinley (and not, as previously and erroneously stated, by the Vicar), Major Augustus English, 11th Hussars, to Annie, second daughter of the late Herbert Ingram, M.P. for Boston, and Mrs. Herbert Ingram.

**DEATH.**

On the 16th inst., at Lisbon, after a long illness, Isabella, beloved wife of Alexander Black, aged 56 years. *\* The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings.*

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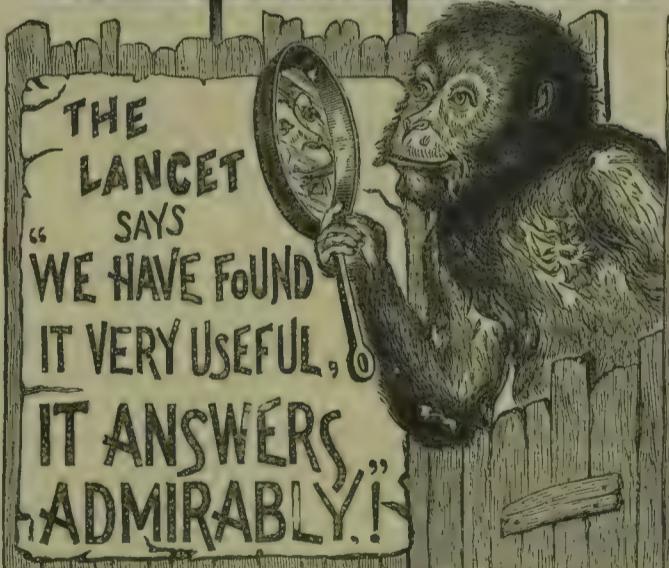
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BY B. L. FARJEON,

AUTHOR OF "IN A SILVER SEA," "GRIF," "GREAT PORTER-SQUARE," &amp;c.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

## DARK CLOUDS ARE GATHERING.

During these troublous months in Phœbe's life, matters pregnant with momentous issues for weal or woe were progressing in the careers of others who are playing their parts in this domestic drama. From a worldly point of view, Fred Cornwall was making rapid progress. He still possessed but a scanty purse, but he saw before him an almost certain prospect of success. He was making a reputation; his foot was on the ladder. He was unhappy and sad at heart, and he took refuge in desperately hard work, slaving day and night, as it is necessary for a man to do if he desires to make his mark in life's tough battle. This incessant labour and his visits to the Lethbridges—which were as frequent as ever—were his only consolation. Faithfully did he cherish Phœbe's image in his memory; he was as true to her as a true man could be; and the esteem and affection which the Lethbridges entertained for him deepened as time wore on. Many were the conversations, many the consultations, which he and the Lethbridges held respecting the young girl upon whose life had fallen so heavy a blow, and whose place in the dear home in Camden Town was open for her if by any happy chance she should come to claim it. That they received no letters from her, that those they wrote to her should remain unanswered, distressed them, but did not shake their faith in her.

"She has written," said Aunt Leth, "and her letters have been intercepted. Ours have never reached her hands. Poor child! poor child!"

"What is the use of being a lawyer," exclaimed Fanny, "if you don't know how to bring her back to us?"

Fred Cornwall smiled sadly. "God knows," he said, "I

would risk and sacrifice my life for her if any good could be done! A lawyer's skill is powerless here. She is living with her father, under his protection. He has a legal claim upon her which no action on our part can touch. If she herself made some move we could act; but, as it is, the lawful right is on her father's side."

"Her father!" cried Fanny. "Her oppressor! her torturer, you mean!"

"I mean that," replied Fred; "but that does not help us. I have consulted a dozen fellows, and they all agree that, as things stand, nothing can be done. Her father has forbidden us his house; he has a right to do so. To put a foot inside the grounds of Parksides would be a trespass; we should only be bringing ourselves into trouble, and bringing heavier trouble, most likely, upon Phœbe."

"If I were a man," Fanny declared, "I would do it! I would drag her from that wretched, miserable hole; I would tear the hair out of Mrs. Pamflett's head; I—I—"

"Fanny," said her mother reprovingly, "you don't know what you are saying."

Whereupon, Fanny began to cry and express her wish that she lived in a country where there was no law.

In the kitchen, as in the parlour, the principal topic of conversation between Tom Barley and 'Melia-Jane was Phœbe. Tom Barley, truly, would have laid his life down for his young mistress; he sorrowed and grieved, and if he could conveniently have got into a personal difficulty with Jeremiah Pamflett which could have been decided by fists or sticks, he would have courted the opportunity with alacrity. But though he cudgelled his brains he could find no way to an issue so agreeable and desirable. The number of times 'Melia-Jane laid out the cards to arrive at a proper understanding of Phœbe's future, could not be counted. Sometimes it was bad, sometimes it was good; and Tom Barley's spirits rose and fell accordingly. There was always the dark woman, Mrs. Pamflett, exercising her malevolent influence; there was always the dark man, Jeremiah Pamflett, prowling around to

do some dreadful deed; there was always the fair man, Fred Cornwall, popping up to circumvent the diabolical plots which surrounded poor Phœbe. The result of the labour of scores of nights, with the heads of Tom Barley and 'Melia-Jane very close together, bending over the cards, was, eventually, 'Melia-Jane's summing-up that it all depended upon Tom Barley.

"Yes, Tom," said 'Melia-Jane, "it all depends upon you."

Tom Barley could not exactly see how this could be, but he set his wits to work, and he came to the conclusion that it was his duty to go down to Parksides as often as possible, "to have a good look around," and to be on the spot if he was required. His efforts in this direction were circumscribed, for a very sufficient reason. Fred Cornwall was not the only one who, despite the cloud which hung over him and the girl he loved, was getting along in the world. The same may be said of faithful Tom Barley. He had reached the height of his ambition. Through the interest of friends, and the good character he had earned since he left Parksides, he had succeeded in being taken on in "the force." He was now a policeman. The pride he felt in obtaining this honourable position in the service of his country, and the sense of importance which almost overwhelmed him when he presented himself in his uniform to his friends, would require a more powerful pen than mine to describe. At length he had raised himself; at length he was "somebody;" at length he held a place in the world and society.

"Behave yourself, 'Melia-Jane," said he to that most estimable servant of all-work, "or I'll take you up."

"'Im take me up!" said 'Melia-Jane in confidence to Aunt Leth. "Why, I can twist him round my little finger!"

Which, if not taken literally, was exactly how the case stood.

"I 'ope he'll take somebody up," said 'Melia-Jane, still in confidence to her mistress; "'cause if he doesn't, what's the good of 'is being a peeler?" A view of the case which is no doubt entertained by other persons than 'Melia-Jane.

That Tom Barley had a heart as tender as "a babe unborned," in 'Melia-Jane's estimation, was perhaps true enough, but he had a strong sense of duty, and it will be seen that, common policeman as he was, he had in him the stuff of which heroes are made. It is the fashion to dress heroes in grand uniform and gold lace, but the majority of them are dressed in fustian.

Being a policeman, as has been stated, with a policeman's duties, was a tax upon Tom Barley's time; in that respect he was not his own master: but 'Melia-Jane's verdict, that it all depended upon him, was not to be disputed. Therefore, when he was on day duty he sometimes went down to Parksides at night, to try and find out something about his young mistress, and whether he could be of service to her; and, when he was on night duty, he went down to Parksides during the day, bent on the same errand. But he saw nothing; heard nothing. Nevertheless, he did not relax his efforts. That they encroached upon the hours which should have been devoted to sleep was of the smallest importance; he had a constitution of iron and the strength of a lion, and, bent upon a task to which his heart and soul were devoted, he could do with three hours' sleep out of the twenty-four. You shall see presently of what else he was capable. It is not revealing anything in this domestic drama which at this point should not be revealed, by stating that, in the exercise of his common policeman's duties, he did a deed which made all England ring with admiration. It is simply leaving you in a pleasant state of mystery.

His expenses to Parksides were not borne entirely by himself. Fred Cornwall supplied him with part of the necessary funds, and would have supplied him with the whole, but Tom would not have it so. His service was a service of love and honour, not to be measured by pounds, shillings, and pence.

Thus it will be seen that the lawyer and the policeman were on the road to worldly prosperity. Not so the Lethbridges. A thunderbolt was forged, ready at the fatal moment to descend upon them and crush them. This thunderbolt was the acceptance for three hundred pounds which Mr. Lethbridge had given to Kiss and Mr. Linton, the dramatic author, and which they had negotiated with Jeremiah Pamflett. On the night that Miser Farebrother drove his daughter, with cruel blows, from Parksides, this acceptance was within three weeks of becoming due, and there was no prospect of meeting it.

The cause of this is easily explained.

"A Heart of Gold," on its first representation a failure, had been made the talk of the town by Mr. Linton's extraordinary speech when the audience insisted upon his appearing before the curtain. It has already been described how the papers took it up, and how great was the interest it excited. For two or three weeks the Star Theatre was crowded, and the manager advertised that seats could be booked two months in advance. Everybody concerned in the success of "A Heart of Gold" was in high feather. Kiss went about in a state of exultation; the company were in raptures, discovering in the drama diamonds which they had looked upon as paste; the author beamed, believing that his star had risen at last. His wife was radiant; colour came into her cheeks, and she visited the Lethbridges in her cotton frock, with joyful hope blooming in her eyes. Apart from this unexpected turn in her husband's fortunes, had she not cause to rejoice? Her little boy was growing stronger. Friends had come forward to assist Linton with loans of small sums of money, to be repaid presently, when the dramatic author touched his profits. Before that fortunate day arrived, there were the expenses of the getting-up of the play to be provided for; it was the arrangement made in the agreement into which he had entered with the manager of the Star Theatre. A month's good business would clear off these expenses; and the boat would be trimmed, and the winds would be fair, for the haven of rest and hope.

But that month's good business did not become an accomplished fact. In three weeks, the interest which had been excited, and which had nothing whatever to do with the merits of "A Heart of Gold," slackened; and the audiences followed suit. The flash of prosperity was but a flash in the pan. The emphatic verdict of the first-night audience that the drama was not a good drama was indorsed by the majority of those who flocked afterwards to the theatre to judge for themselves. From a hundred pounds a night the receipts fell to eighty, sixty, fifty, forty, and then dwindled down infinitesimally. "A Heart of Gold" was not "in" for a long run, as the elated ones declared; it was doomed.

Reviewing the play from a dramatic standpoint, Kiss, in a subsequent conversation with Mr. Lethbridge, thus summed it up: "It is a good play; its literature is of a high order; it has plenty of points; the plot is strong enough: the opportunities given to the actors to create parts are capital. But, my dear Sir—but—and here comes in the fatal blemish—it has no villain. I must have been blind not to have discovered it in time; but I was misled by the reading. There is absolutely no villain. In a pure comedy, a mild villain is sufficient; even that order of piece requires something disagreeable—something we can condemn. But for a drama, my dear Sir—for such a drama as 'A Heart of Gold'—not only is a villain required, but a strong villain—some damned unscrupulous scoundrel that the audience would like to jump upon and tear to pieces. Every character in Linton's piece is too good; they are all too good. There is nothing to hate. What is the consequence? There is no contrast; and, Sir, a drama without strong contrasts will not, cannot please. Why? Because it is contrary to human nature. Never mind the colour; never mind the improbability of the story. Give us contrasts; and that is exactly what Linton has not done. Love interest? yes. I do not know a play in which the love interest is stronger than it is in 'A Heart of Gold'; and yet it is a failure—and a failure, my dear Sir, upon assured and established grounds. I will just ask you if playgoers sympathise with a pair of lovers because they are lovers, because they are interesting, because they are all that is sweet, because they are true to each other?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Lethbridge, in the innocence of his heart; "of course they do."

"Not a bit of it, my dear Sir," said Kiss; "not a bit of it. They sympathise with the lovers because they are oppressed, because a villain is trying to ruin their happiness, is trying to separate them, is trying to blacken and damn the young fellow. That, my dear Sir, is the secret of the interest the love-story creates. Without it the audience would regard it as so much wa-h—mere milk-and-water. The more the lovers are oppressed, the more the audience sympathises with them. Pile on the agony: that is what a dramatist has to do. And a curious outcome of all this is to be found in the fact that the villain is now really the most popular character in a play. Presently he will command a larger salary than the leading man."

All this was very well as a matter of observation and disputation, but it did not provide for the meeting of the acceptance, and Mr. Lethbridge looked forward to the due date with a feeling of terror. Kiss could not meet the bill; Mr. Linton could not; and he could not. Of the three he was the only

householder; and a man they looked upon with good cause as a common enemy was the holder of the bill. Ruin seemed to stare him in the face.

He kept the trouble to himself, and all the more did it weigh upon him with terrible effect. The home in which they had been so happy from the first day of their marriage was slipping from him: the exposure would be a disgrace; the chances were that he would lose his situation at the bank; what would become of him after that? He dared not think of it. Unconsciously he paced the rooms of the dear home, gazing at the old mementoes with exaggerated affection. They were part of his life; to every small item some story was attached which invested it with a sweet and human interest. It was an additional torture that he had kept the secret from his wife—the only secret he had had in the whole of their happy and humble married life.

"My dear," said his wife to him while he was dressing in the morning, "you were very restless last night."

"Was I?" he remarked, with a guilty air.

"Yes. You were tossing about for hours, and murmuring something about a bill."

"Oh," he said, "the bank business. It is beginning to tell upon me, perhaps."

"Nonsense," said Aunt Leth; "you want a little medicine."

"Yes," he said meekly; "that must be it."

"I dreamt of Phoebe all night long," said Aunt Leth.

"What would I not give to see her dear face!"

"It is strange we hear nothing of her," he observed. "It is wearing upon Mr. Cornwall."

"And upon all of us. Fanny is quite a changed girl. All her high spirits seem to be going."

"It is terrible," said Mr. Lethbridge, absently. He loved Phoebe devotedly, but he was thinking of the bill.

"Tom Barley is going to Parksides to-night. 'Melia-Jane says he is determined to get some news of the dear girl."

"I hope he will," said Mr. Lethbridge, and then they went down to breakfast.

On his way to the bank that morning, he made up his mind that before the week was out he would confide his trouble to his wife.

### CHAPTER XXXVII.

#### O RARE TOM BARLEY!

Aunt Leth's statement to her husband that Tom Barley was going to Parksides to-night, and was determined to get some news of Phoebe, was in exact accordance with that faithful fellow's determination. Hitherto in his visits to Parksides he had contented himself with wandering and lingering in the vicinity of the grounds; he had no right to enter them, and it was a certainty that he would get himself into difficulty if he committed a trespass. But he was now nerved to a daring pitch, for which 'Melia-Jane slightly, and Fanny Lethbridge largely, were responsible. By 'Melia-Jane he was led to believe that to render his young mistress a service which might be inestimable, and of which she stood sorely in need, depended entirely upon himself. The nature of this service, and the manner in which it was to be rendered, were a mystery to the elucidation of which he held no clue, and to all appearance he might continue to go to Parksides for years, as he had already been doing for months, without his being any the wiser. But Fanny had stepped in and implored him to do something—never mind what nor at how great a risk—to get one word from Phoebe that he could bring back to the Lethbridges. "What can I do, Miss?" Tom had asked. "Get inside the grounds at night," Fanny had replied, "when Phoebe's father and that wicked wretch, Mrs. Pamflett, are asleep. You know the room in which my dear cousin sleeps. Perhaps you may see a light in it—if not the first time you go, the second, or third, or fourth. If you see a light it is almost certain that my cousin will be awake, because she always sleeps in the dark. Throw a little gravel up at her window; you will know how to act so that she shall not be frightened. She knows your voice, and has spoken a hundred times of your kindness to her. Tell her you come from me and Aunt Leth; that we sent you. Ask her if she wants any help? Say that we are all ready to die for her; that we love her more than ever we did; that we have written again and again to her, and that we are certain that our letters have been kept from her; that Mr. Cornwall is here continually, and never ceases speaking of her; that he is faithful and true to her, and will be all his life. Say whatever comes into your mind, Tom, that you think will please and comfort her, and bring us back some news of her. Do, Tom: do!" Fanny said much more than this, and said it so excitedly and with so much fervour that there was no resisting her. So Tom Barley had promised, and he set out for Parksides determined to carry his resolution into effect. He knew what he was risking, and that if he were caught by Miser Farebrother, or Mrs. Pamflett, or Jeremiah, prowling in the grounds in the dead of the night, he would be as good as ruined. He would be dismissed the force, and all his bright hopes for the future would be destroyed. These considerations, however, did not deter him from putting his design into execution. His love for his young mistress was too profound for him to hesitate because there was danger ahead. All the more reason that he should go straight on to his service of humble love and duty.

He reached Beddington station at a few minutes past eleven o'clock, and he walked slowly thence to Parksides, congratulating himself that the night was dark, and that he was therefore not likely to be recognised. By midnight he was on the outskirts of the grounds. He was familiar with every inch of them, and he was soon immediately outside the old house, looking up at the windows. All was dark and silent: there came from within not a sound of life. There was no light in his young mistress's room, but the white blinds drawn down were an indication that it was inhabited. He resolved to wait an hour or two, and then, if all still remained silent, if no sign came to him, to make a cautious attempt to arouse Phoebe by throwing a little light gravel against the window-panes. He knew, also, in which room Miser Farebrother slept, and saw that all was dark therein. Up to this point he was safe.

He had been watching and waiting for nearly an hour when he was startled by a circumstance which could not but be unusual at such an hour of the night in that locality. For a horseman to gallop along the public road would have been reasonable enough, but for the rider to pull up immediately outside the grounds, to alight, to tie his horse to a hedge, to creep stealthily into the grounds, to peer around him in the dark for several minutes, not daring to move another step until he was convinced that he was alone and that his movements were not observed; then to creep on and on into the interior of the grounds, away from the house, to pause again and take from an inner pocket a dark lantern, and to commence to search the earth for some mark of which he was in quest—all this was unusual and suspicious; but it was exactly what occurred, and the man peering and searching, falling on his knees now and then and seeming to tear at the earth, was none other than Jeremiah Pamflett. When the sounds of the horse's feet had ceased outside the grounds Tom Barley had crept in that direction, and had seen what has been described. He recognised Jeremiah, but had not the slightest

idea of the object which had brought the schemer to Parksides at such a strange hour. But it was not the first time that Jeremiah had been thus engaged. He was convinced that in some parts of the grounds there was a spot in which Miser Farebrother had been in the habit of secreting large hoards of money. During the last three or four months the miser had drawn out of the bank at various times sums amounting in the aggregate to not less than £7000. Information which Jeremiah received from his mother had forced upon him this conviction of a secret hiding-place. Even in the daylight, when he was strong enough to walk in the open air by the aid of his crutch-stick, the miser was sometimes seen by Mrs. Pamflett creeping painfully onward in the direction to which Jeremiah was now devoting his attention. Lynx-eyed and fox-like in his movements, Miser Farebrother had never failed to discover when Mrs. Pamflett was watching him, and on every occasion he had peremptorily sent her about her business. He was too wary for her, but she was satisfied that he had this secret hiding-place; Jeremiah was satisfied of it also, and, knowing that it would not be safe for him to search for it in daylight, he had adopted this means towards the discovery. Had it not been that it was almost vitally necessary that he should produce a large sum of money by a certain date to save himself from exposure, Jeremiah Pamflett might not have had the courage to do as he was doing now. The career into which he had been tempted by Captain Ablewhite had proved singularly disastrous; he had "plunged" and lost, and was now engaged in the desperate task of trying to get his money back. If not his money, some other person's money—he scarcely cared whose, or by what means, so long as he made himself safe; and surely in these midnight quests, cautious as he was, coming out of London disguised, and always careful to avoid observation, there was small danger of exposure!

He had not yet been successful. At first he had searched wildly, and without any distinct plan, but of late he had pursued the search systematically; mapping out the ground, as it were, and examining it foot by foot; and so, on this night, when he was watched by Tom Barley, he continued his examination. Four or five hundred yards off lay the house, in deep shadow. From where Tom Barley and Jeremiah Pamflett were lurking it could not be seen; and after Tom had been for some forty or fifty minutes observing Jeremiah's proceedings, it occurred to him that this was not the errand upon which he himself had come to Parksides. He moved silently back in the direction of the house, and started when he observed a light in the room occupied by Miser Farebrother. Some person, therefore, must be awake in the house. Tom felt that he was in a position of danger, but he would not desert his post. He fancied he heard voices proceeding from the room, but he was not sure, though his sense of hearing was extraordinarily acute. However it was, the impression of these real or fancied sounds did not remain upon him. He stood in silence for a few minutes, and then the light in the miser's room was suddenly extinguished. All was dark, within and without. He moved in the direction of his young mistress's room; there was no indication that she was not asleep, and the knowledge he had gained that Miser Farebrother was passing a restless night was a warning not to attempt to arouse her on this occasion. He would leave it for another time. It was now past two o'clock. "One more peep at that scoundrel, Jeremiah," he thought, "and then it will be as well that I should make tracks to London." It was his intention to foot it; a walk of ten or eleven miles was a small matter to such a pedestrian.

He did not fulfil his intention of going in search of Jeremiah. The front of the house opened, and a figure staggered blindly out. Tom Barley could not distinguish who it was, but it seemed to him that the person's movements were wild and uncertain, and that there were in them no attempt at concealment. The figure was approaching in his direction, swaying this way and that, attempting to catch at something for support; then the arms were thrown up, a moan of agony escaped the lips, and the figure slid rather than fell to the ground, where it lay, still and motionless.

Tom Barley knew who it was the moment she fell. He darted forward, and bent over her. Yes: it was Phoebe, his beloved mistress, with marks of cruel blows upon her, with blood staining her white neck and forehead! As he held her on his knee he saw these marks of blows and the oozing blood, and his heart beat with furious passion and indignation.

This, then, had been the life of his dear mistress, the sweetest lady the world contained; it was for this she had been immured in the prison-house of Parksides! But he, her devoted servant, was there to protect her now, and to convey her to a place of safety.

His passion deserted him: he became cold as ice. Had he arrived too late? Was she dead?

He put his ear to her heart. No, she was not dead. Faint as were her heart-beats he heard them and thanked God!

There was no time to lose—not a moment. He would take her at once to London, where love and truest pity awaited her; he would take her to the only home in which she had had an hour's real happiness.

But how was this to be accomplished? It must be done swiftly, and in secret. There were no trains; he could have carried her light form easily to the station, but it would be hours before the departure of a train to London. There was no possibility of obtaining a conveyance or a horse.

A horse! An inspiration fell upon him. Jeremiah's horse was tethered a couple of hundred yards away.

Quick as thought he acted. Swiftly and tenderly he lifted the inanimate form from the ground; swiftly and tenderly he bore it along; with a lightning movement he unfastened the rope, and was on the horse's back, clasping Phoebe closely to him. Away he galloped through the dark night towards London!

Jeremiah raised his head. What sound was that? The sound of a horse galloping away! He ran to the spot he had fastened his horse. It was gone. "Curse my luck!" cried Jeremiah.

He dared not remain any longer. He must himself get back to London, and there was nothing for it but to walk the road. He did not doubt but that the horse had got loose, and was running riderless. Perhaps he would catch it up. He extinguished the light in his lantern, which he put into his pocket, buttoning his long coat over it. Then he shambled on, cursing and swearing.

The rushing air played about Phoebe's face and revived her. The horse, urged by Tom Barley, was racing like the wind. Tom, glancing down, saw his beloved mistress's eyes languidly open.

"Don't be frightened," he whispered. "I am with you—Tom Barley. We are riding to London. I am taking you to your aunt's house in Camden Town."

"Oh, Tom!" she murmured; and clasped her trembling arms about his neck, and laid her face close to his.

If ever a man tasted heaven on earth Tom Barley tasted it then.

And Phoebe? O dolorous night, charged with woe and pain! O happy night, charged with visions of hope and glory! O blessed winds that kissed her hot and feverish face and neck! Loving hearts still beat for her, loving arms were

waiting to welcome her. The sweetness overcame her; her eyes were filled with happy tears.

"Miss Phoebe," said Tom.

"Yes, Tom?"

"You must try and help yourself a bit."

"I will, Tom. Tell me what to do."

"In half-an-hour we shall be in London streets. Then I must take you off the horse. We can't ride on it to your aunt's door. There are reasons."

"Very well, Tom."

"Do you think you will be able to walk a bit?"

"I will try, Tom—and you will help me!"

"That I will. I could carry you, but it would draw attention upon us. Perhaps we may get a cab. Then there will be no difficulty."

"Tom, I will do everything you tell me."

"Thank you, Miss Phoebe."

They had taken the Croydon road to London Bridge, and in half-an-hour, when they reached a quiet street, in which no soul but themselves were to be seen, Tom lifted Phoebe from the horse.

"Hold on to me, Miss Phoebe, and turn your face a bit."

She did so. With a branch which he had plucked from the hedge and had used as a whip Tom struck the horse a smart blow. Away it galloped with an empty saddle on its back, and in three moments was lost to his sight.

"Now, Miss Phoebe, if we can only find a cab!"

Angel fortune was on their side. They had taken scarcely a dozen steps when a four-wheeler turned the corner of the street. The bargain was soon made, and Phoebe and Tom, safely ensconced in the cab, were on their way to Camden Town.

"My dear," said Aunt Leth, shaking her husband, "the street-door bell has rung—and hark! do you hear the loud knocking? What can have happened?"

He was out of bed in a moment, and gliding down the stairs, and Aunt Leth quickly drew on a dressing-gown and hastened after him.

"Open the door," cried Tom Barley, outside. "It's all right! There's nothing to be frightened at."

Uncle Leth threw open the door.

"Aunt Leth! oh, dear Aunt Leth!" murmured Phoebe, and fell sobbing into the good woman's arms.

"Phoebe! my poor, dear Phoebe! Oh, look here! look here! There is blood upon her!"

"I am well, and happy now!" sobbed Phoebe. "Oh, so happy! so happy! Dear aunt, dear uncle, don't let them take me from you again!"

"They never shall! they never shall! Oh, my poor dear! oh, my poor dear!"

Close, close to the tender womanly heart, close to the faithful breast—closer, closer, closer!

"Phoebe!" screamed Fanny, flying down the stairs. "Oh, Phoebe! Phoebe! Mother, give her to me! give her to me!"

And here was 'Melia-Jane, in the most outrageous of costumes, quite scandalous indeed, running down to the kitchen to light the fire.

"I will tell you all to-morrow," said Tom Barley. "Nobody must know she is here. Good-night."

"Tom!" murmured Phoebe.

"Yes, Miss Phoebe."

"Good-night, Tom."

"Good-night, Miss."

He took the thin white hand she held out to him. She drew his face to hers, and kissed him.

"Thank you, Tom! Oh, thank you!"

The tender light of the coming day shone upon his tear-stained face as he walked home to his humble bed.

(To be continued.)

#### BUFFALO HUNTING IN NORTH AMERICA.

The bison of North America, commonly called the buffalo, is an animal that will probably soon be extinct. Dr. Grinnell, the author of "Forest and Stream," last year ascertained, by careful inquiry, that not more than seven hundred of the species were left alive—namely, perhaps, 250 in Wyoming Territory, including the National Park of the Yellowstone region; fifty-two seen in Montana, near the heads of the Musselshell river; about thirty in Nebraska, at the head of the Dismal river; in the mountains of Colorado, one herd of thirty and another of twenty; and possibly three or four hundred in the sand-hills of Kansas, and, to the south, in the "Pan-handles" of Texas. But he expected that many of those would be killed in the autumn of last year, and many more in the autumn of the present year. The slaughter of these poor beasts has been unsparing since the white men, armed with repeating-rifles, entered the plains along the foot of the Rocky Mountains. In former times, the Indians killed no more than they needed for the supply of food, storing meat for winter, and of hides for their clothing and shelter. In the mountain districts, it might occasionally be practicable to "stampede" part of a herd over a precipice, when hundreds would be killed in a few minutes. But such precipices were not to be found everywhere; and the smaller but more courageous variety of the animal, inhabiting the "foothills" and mountain slopes, usually in herds of fifty or sixty, would often fight rather than be driven. The "buffalo" or bison of the plains is of a different disposition, always taking to flight when pursued. Millions of these big beasts roamed over the plains of Missouri, before the Western States were settled; and thousands of Indians followed them in their regular half-yearly migration, going northward in the spring and southward in the autumn. The Indians could ride their ponies close alongside a galloping herd, and shoot them with the bow and arrow; but such weapons often proved ineffective. A buffalo, if not wounded in a vital part, would get away with arrows sticking in his body; and if he died of exhaustion, the coyotes or prairie dogs would feed on him. If the pony chanced to put his foot in a coyote's hole, and to fall with his rider, the man would soon be trampled to death by the herd, perhaps without their noticing him. A surer plan of attack was for the Indian to cover himself with the hide of a buffalo or an elk, and, crouching low, simulating the movements of such a beast, to approach on the leeward side of the herd, till he could shoot off his silent arrows, one after another, with a deliberate aim. In later times, when trade with the white men had begun, some of the Indians could get fire-arms; and the native huntsmen would ride down a buffalo and shoot it, just behind the shoulder, with heavy bullets from a revolver. This was practised, for some time, along with the continued use of bows and arrows. Such was "the Sport of the Past," illustrated in one of our Sketches.

The buffalo was everything to the Indian tribes. The flesh, over and above what they ate at once, was "jerked"—that is, cut into strips and hung up to dry—after which it could be kept any time. The hide was prepared by the squaws for either of several different uses. To make bedding, it was tanned with the long, rather furry coat of hair on it; but to make a dress, or to construct a wigwam or tent, the hair was removed. The skin was made as soft and pliable as silk. The articles of clothing made of it were decorated with much artistic taste, using such materials as feathers, quills, and small pierced pebbles, sewn on with threads of tendon, forming correct geometrical patterns, and with a general harmony of soft tints, very superior to the gaudy articles now manufactured for sale. The coming of the white men, however, soon entirely altered the primitive relations between the red men and the buffaloes. Hides and pelts were in request for "robes" or cloaks, for military accoutrements and other purposes, in the United States and in Europe, as an article of commerce. The Indians were now supplied with firearms, while many Americans took to hunting as a regular employment. So long ago as 1845 General Fremont learnt from the American Fur Company that 1,800,000 buffaloes were killed in one year to provide skins for the market. At a later period mercantile houses in St. Louis, Kansas City, and Topeka began to equip hunting parties with the most perfect weapons, under the direction of experienced men familiar with every Indian device. A party would consist of six or eight men, including the cook and the teamster, excellent riders and excellent shots, carrying Sharp's rifles of 45 in. calibre, and big navy revolvers, mounted on tough Indian ponies, with spare ponies for remounts, accompanied by a large "Baines" waggon, drawn by a pair of stout mules or horses, in which they carried stores of ammunition, flour, bacon, coffee, and sugar, with cooking utensils and other necessaries, all roofed over with a tarpaulin. They defied the prohibition to enter the western buffalo country, which the United States Government would have reserved for the subsistence of the Indians; they were often stopped by the soldiers at military posts, and often had to fight with the Indians themselves; but they could not be kept back.

It was their custom to reach the field of operations, if they could, at the end of October or beginning of November, enduring severe hardships from the inclemency of the climate on the plains at that season. The cold in winter there is intense; the snow lies for months in a boundless expanse; the sun, dazzling bright at noonday, seems to give no warmth; and tremendous storms of wind, often continuing several days, bring from the Arctic regions their chill atmosphere with the fiercest fury, lashing the snow into angry billows like those of a tempestuous ocean. Even the hardy buffaloes, with their thick winter coats of hair, cower before these "blizzards," and are so benumbed and exhausted that they sometimes cannot run from their approaching enemies. Our Artist has found a huge wild bull buffalo, with drooping head and half-closed eyes, leaning against a stunted cotton-wood tree, unable to stir when he was patted on the back. The hunters, when they have reached a spot where there is a likelihood of game, pitch their camp in some gully, or natural depression of the ground, dig out a small cave for their shelter in the face of a bank, and erect a front of planks, with a door protected by buffalo hides, cover the floor with their buffalo robes, and make themselves as comfortable as they can. Or the "prairie schooner," as the waggon is sometimes called, may perhaps be moored alongside the bank, and the tarpaulin stretched across, to form a sort of tent. A fire of "buffalo chips," of sage brush, or of fuel got from any stunted bushes near, can be lighted out-of-doors, weather permitting; but it is good to have a stove. Care is always taken to look for a water-course or spring at hand, without which the men and horses must drink melted snow. They have warm, soft bedding of buffalo robes and blankets, and contrive to be snug at night, beguiling the long evenings with "poker" or "old sledge," often with music, one playing the fiddle, or perhaps the accordion, or the jew's-harp; even a piano has been heard in a hunter's "dug-out." Travellers might come that way, and would be hospitably entertained as guests; no questions would be asked whether they were fugitive man-slayers or horse-stealers, and the officers of justice would not care to pursue

The Hospital Sunday Fund this year amounted in all to £40,466, being the largest sum collected since the initiation of the movement.

According to a New York correspondent, Mr. Greathead, an engineer, of London, on behalf of an English syndicate, has proposed to the Canadian Government to construct an eight-mile submarine tunnel, connecting Prince Edward's Island with the mainland, and thus to shorten the distance between Montreal and Liverpool by 672 miles. He asks, in return, an annual subsidy of 200,000 dols. for fifty years.

A comprehensive scheme for the defence, by means of torpedoes, of the whole of the seaport towns, naval ports, the entrances to rivers, and other vulnerable portions of the English coast has, it is understood, been ordered to be at once furnished to the Government. The scheme will provide for the raising of a coast-defence battalion, composed of regulars, volunteers, and militia, amounting in the aggregate to about 30,000 men. The War Office authorities have entrusted the preparation of the preliminary plans, specifications, and estimate of the probable cost to Captain G. A. Carr, Royal Engineers.

an outlaw to the hunters' camp at that season of the year. In prospect of a fray with the Indians, every man who could ride and shoot would be welcome.

The camp arrangements being completed, the hunters start to look for a herd or buffaloes, using double field-glasses to spy the game at a distance. A herd is perceived grazing, with the cows and calves in the centre of the body, with a lordly bull, from five to twelve or fifteen years old, whose superior strength and courage entitled him to command, and with a picket-guard of sentry bulls, stationed all round the herd, at a distance of about half a mile. The animals maintain this arrangement with military precision, unless when panic-struck by the hunters' attack, or by the more dreaded visitation of a prairie fire, the remotest sight or scent of which puts them to headlong flight and confusion. The hunters must use all their skill and cautiousness to pass the line of sentries and steal up close to the herd. They dismount, leaving their ponies, which are trained for the purpose, to draw slowly nearer to the buffaloes, in oblique lines, grazing with apparent unconcern. The men crouch behind the ponies, carefully hiding themselves, or lie down and crawl on their stomachs through the grass. Approaching the herd from different sides, when all have got near enough, the man previously appointed, the one esteemed the best marksman, has the first shot. The general success of the attack greatly depends on him; and curiously, as we understand the rules, it is deemed expedient that his shot do not too much execution. If a conspicuous bull were hit in a vital part and fell dead, the herd would be alarmed and stampede. On the other hand, if any of the beasts were slightly wounded, it would run among the others, and cause a panic. The first rifle is, therefore, aimed at a cow, taking care to inflict a wound not immediately mortal, but which causes weakness and a great outflow of blood. The rest of the herd, feeling sympathy with the wounded animal, and wondering at the unknown cause of her distress, collect around her in a close throng, staring at the blood and sniffing at it; those outside moving anxiously around the dense crowd. While the attention of the buffaloes is thus directed to the centre, the hunters come up quietly, taking their stations at distances of a few yards, and fire deliberately at the animals, one by one, as rapidly as the repeating rifles can be discharged. The beasts drop and die without attracting much notice among their companions, and hunters may fire as many as fifty or sixty shots each, before the remnant of the herd think of escaping. The ground is heaped with the slain, and the dying have their throats cut with the hunters' knives. This hideous scene of butchery ends with the arrival of the waggon; while the hunters quickly strip the dead bodies of their skins, an operation performed in a few minutes. They refresh themselves with "tanglefoot" whiskey. The skins are put on the waggon and taken to the camp, where they are laid on the ground, with the fleshy side upwards, pegged down, and exposed to the sun and dry air till they become perfectly dried. They are conveyed by the waggon to the nearest railway station, whence the trains carry them to the town from which the hunting expedition was sent forth. The greater part of the meat of the carcasses is left to the wolves and prairie dogs, or to the birds. The bones remain for years, or it was so formerly, when one might travel hundreds of miles in every direction without ever being out of sight of buffalo skeletons far strewn over the plains. At one place, on the South Fork of the Republican River, the bones of 6500 buffaloes were counted. But it occurred to an observant speculator that the bones, horns, and hoofs were worth collecting; he procured a number of waggons, men, and teams, and gathered enormous quantities, which he sent by the railroads, the Atcheson, Topeka, and South Fork line, the Kansas Pacific, and the Union Pacific, to the cities where they were ground up and boiled, and were converted into bone-dust manure and glue, to be sold at an immense profit. At some stations on those lines there were piles of bones twenty feet high and fifty or sixty feet long, a very ghastly sight to railway passengers.

Besides this organised system, which was horribly wasteful, from 1870 to 1875 excursion-trains used to be run on the railroads going through the buffalo region, with hundreds of idle visitors, from the United States and from Europe, intent on mere wanton and useless slaughter, which they fancied to be sport. A railway train could sometimes be made to plunge suddenly into the midst of an astonished herd gathered on the line, where some would stand to be crushed by the wheels of the steaming, hissing locomotive engine; while from the windows of the cars, or from behind them, the cowardly "sportsmen," with their rifles and revolvers, safe as in a fortress, killed or wounded the poor beasts in hundreds, and the train was driven on when the havoc was done. This abominable cruelty was practised by many for mere amusement, without the excuse of gain, having no means of taking the spoils and preparing them for sale. There were, however, some true sportsmen, among the officers of the United States army at the Indian stations, who preferred the nobler chase of single buffaloes, riding one down and shooting him from horseback, which would never have caused the wholesale destruction of the race.

It was computed that, in a single year, between the Indians and the white men, four millions of buffaloes were destroyed. The greatest slaughter was in 1872 and 1873, when each of the different railroad companies reckoned several hundreds of thousands of buffalo hides and pelts sent eastward over its line of those animals only which were killed for commercial profit. In 1874 there were 2000 regular hunters encamped on the plains; and one party boasted the killing of 2800 buffaloes in the summer of that year, though, at that season, the skins are valueless for "robes," and can only be used for coarse and cheap leather, those of bulls fetching one dollar each, and those of cows, sixty cents; and of calves, forty cents. Good buffalo robes, with the shaggy, glossy pelt of the animal's winter attire, have now become scarce and valuable. One tanned by the Indians, except those of the Uté Indians, is more costly than one of sea-otter fur. The Uté Indians spoil the hides by a stupid way of removing the skin from the carcase, splitting it along the spine, instead of along the belly.

While the greater part of the buffalo-killers, among the white men, cared only for the skins, there was a trade in dried buffalo meat, where the vicinity of railroads allowed it to be sent to market. The smoked humps and tongues were sent to the Eastern cities and sold as delicacies; but the frontier towns received huge quantities of other meat, which soon glutted the market, so that its price fell sometimes to two cents, or even one cent, the pound weight. It could not be sent to the Atlantic States in fit condition, except in very cold weather, and it was difficult at that season to convey it from the hunting camps to the railway stations.

The whole business is now "played out;" in four or five years more, probably, the North American "buffalo," or bison, will be extinct as a wild animal: it is questioned whether enough remain to provide a pair for every zoological collection in the world. The experiment, tried by some Kansas farmers, of rearing a few to cross the breed with domestic oxen, has not proved successful; the mixed race is in no way better than ordinary cattle.



1. The start.  
2. On the lookout.  
3. Slaughter from the railway train.  
4. Sport of the past.  
5. In camp.

6. Bone hunters.  
7. Creeping up to the game.  
8. A herd in a "blizzard."  
9. Bone heaps and hide-press alongside the railway.

### Buffalo Hunting in North America.

FROM SKETCHES BY P. FRENZENY.



## HALLOWEEN IN SCOTLAND.

The holidays which Sir John Lubbock has secured for tired English bank clerks are becoming more and more popular in Scotland, and it is believed that in less than another couple of decades they will have entirely supplanted Beltane and Halloween, which for ages have, next to New Year's Day, been the great holiday of the Scotch. Antiquarians tell that the last night of autumn has been observed as a high holiday in Scotland long before the festival of All Saints, or All Hallows, from which it derives its present name of Halloween, was known. It, however, matters little now how and when it came by its present name, provided it be borne in mind that the revelry which the youthful Scotch peasantry engage in on that night is suggestive of nothing hallowed or saintly. On the contrary, it is generally believed that on this night the spirits from the "vasty deep" are abroad, willing to reveal secrets and do deeds, good or evil.

As late as the beginning of this century, nearly all the Halloween games were engaged in, not for the merriment they afforded, but rather that by them the players might be enabled to get a glimpse into that unknowable future into which all are so anxious to peer. The two things which the observers of the many rites to be performed on that night chiefly wished to know were the appearance of their future spouse and the length of their own lives. To ascertain this latter fact was the meaning of the first ceremony of the night, which was to light a large bonfire of brackens on an eminence somewhere near the village—a proceeding which is probably the remains of some part of the olden Druidical or Scandinavian worship. When the fire was spent, each of the onlookers took a small stone, marked it in some peculiar way, and then, beginning with the eldest, all laid down their marked stone one after the other, until a circle was formed round the outer edge of the ashes. During the night no one went near the place, as to do so was deemed highly dangerous, because of the spirits busy arranging the stones according to the decrees of the Fates. At break of day the site of the bonfire was approached with great awe, and every little circumstance connected with the stones and ashes was carefully noted. Thus, the person whose stone was turned out of its place, or the mark of whose foot was thought to be observed in the ashes, believed that he or she was doomed to die before next Halloween.

Some of the other outdoor rites performed on the Halloweens of last century are described in Burns' poem of "Halloween"; but very nearly all of them have now fallen into utter desuetude, and the youths who now-a-days engage in any outdoor sports on that night expect no revelations, but make them rather a means to wipe off old scores with cantankerous neighbours. The following are favourite ways of doing this:—When the gang has been formed, and a council of war held, they stealthily approach the house of the man to be punished, and while one part makes fast the door, the other mounts the thatch-covered roof and pours water and turnips down the chimney, to the utter consternation of the inmates.

The evildoers then bolt, and, as to pursue is useless, the goodman busies himself in setting things to rights again. As it would perhaps be monotonous for the gang to perform the same trick at all houses, they are likely to approach that of the next objectionable neighbour loaded with turnips stolen from his own field; and, at the word of command, all deliver a couple of volleys of them at his door, and again take to their heels. Such pranks they think glorious fun. It is, however, a blessing that they are all taken in good part; and, as policemen are few and far between in the Highlands, no one ever hears of the perpetrators being brought to task.

Inside, several games are engaged in, as of yore, for purposes of divination; but, somehow, since the schoolmaster is so much abroad, the results obtained are never, except by the very young, taken very seriously. Of the many methods used to ascertain one's future in the matrimonial line, by far the most common is to conceal a ring, thimble, button, and sixpence in a large basin of mashed potatoes. The light is turned off, and then, by the aid of horn spoons, all eat away until the various items are found. The finder of the ring is believed to be on the eve of marriage; the thimble, when found by a woman, means celibacy, but when found by a lad, it means that his future wife is a spinster; in the case of the button, the meaning is reversed; while the finder of the sixpence feels pretty well assured of riches either before or after marriage. Should there be in the house a shrewd old woman with some knowledge of the character of her guests, there must always be a telling of fortunes by "casting glasses." To read the fortunes, the "fey woman" asks the youth whose fortune is to be read to put a few drops of the white of an egg into a tumblerful of water, and as the albumen assumes fantastic forms, reads that person's fortune aloud. This was how the writer's was slowly spelled out to him in Gaelic a few years ago: "The lad whose glass this is goes to New Zealand, will get so large a sheep-farm that it will take him six hours to ride round it on horseback. One day he will suddenly think of his present sweetheart, sell his farm, and return to the old country, marry her, and, much against his own will, afterwards stay at home to please her. In the course of two years he will die, and the widow will marry her present sweetheart, and will live happily on her first husband's money."

When the night is well spent, and the goodwife sees it is time for her happy guests to depart, she tells them to take a mouthful of the water in which their fortunes have been read, and then, without spilling or swallowing any, to go eavesdropping, assuring them that the first name they hear is certain to be that of their future partner. Better still, she gives them a small piece—and a very small piece is sufficient for most people—of a cake for which they themselves have collected the following ingredients some time beforehand: the first egg of a young hen, one shellful of soot, another of oatmeal, and a third of salt, well mixed, and cooked on a fire made of straw taken from the cradle of a woman's first son. Having partaken of this, they have to go to their own bed without

speaking to anyone, and they may feel certain that the person they dream about is sure to be their future spouse.

There seems to be in most of us strange notions which when critically examined we find to be nothing more nor less than superstition; we need therefore hardly find fault with those who believe in the revelations made on Halloween, and that they are implicitly believed in by the youth of Scotland, there is at least one sad proof. One of the methods by which a maid may get a glimpse of her future partner is to go at midnight to a stream, and there doff and wet some article of her dress in the running water. She is then to hasten home and place it wet before a large fire and watch the steam, as in it she will likely see the necessary apparition. A maiden belonging to one of the Western Isles did this some years ago, and, as she all alone sat silently watching, she fancied she saw a coffin distinctly form itself, and then slowly move towards the fire, in which it vanished. She never recovered from the shock which this frightful vision gave her, and gradually wore away, and was, as she herself predicted, laid in her grave before another Halloween. Such sad results, however, seldom fail to be chronicled, as the young folk in a short time cease to remember the unpleasant prophecies, and, in common with most of us, much prefer to remember what in the past is pleasant.—A. P.

There is good news for persons who purpose wintering in the south of Europe. It is announced that for the season the P. and O. steamers will call every week at Gibraltar, for Morocco, Granada, Seville, and the south of Spain, thus enabling passengers to avoid the long railway journey to those places.

Mr. W. S. Caine, M.P., who is at present staying in Canada, writes with regard to Manitoba that there is no opening there at all for commercial men from the old country, as the ground is taken up, not only in Winnipeg, but throughout the whole of Manitoba, by men of ripe experience from the stores of Montreal and Toronto. The ordinary clerk or book-keeper is a drug in the market, and can only get labourer's wages. There is fair employment for good steady artisans, and plenty of good work for females, such as hotel and domestic servants, and particularly seamstresses. There is, however, a real demand for agricultural labourers. The emigrant who is really wanted for Manitoba is the clever agricultural labourer who is a single man. He can get employment at once, and can easily save £30 or £35 a year. In three years, having £100 of capital, he can take up his 160 acres of good land and become a yeoman farmer. If the British Government, he adds, instead of embarking on the dangerous policy of Irish land purchase, would spend twenty millions in settling gradually in Manitoba 200,000 families of Irish tenant-farmers from the congested districts, there would be no difficulty in getting back the money from the prosperous yeomen they would thus create, and, by easing the undue competition for farms in Ireland, bring the landlords to fair rents by the simple laws of supply and demand.



## Caution to Parents.

THE delicate Skin of Infants and Children is particularly liable to injury from coarse and unrefined Toilet Soap, which is commonly adulterated with the most pernicious ingredients: hence frequently, the irritability, redness, and blotchy appearance of the Skin from which many children suffer. It should be remembered that ARTIFICIALLY COLOURED SOAPS are FREQUENTLY POISONOUS, particularly the Red, Blue, and Green varieties; and nearly all Toilet Soaps contain an excess of Soda. Very white Soaps, such as "Curd," usually contain much more soda than others, owing to the use of cocoa nut oil, which makes a bad, strongly alkaline Soap very injurious to the Skin, besides leaving a disagreeable odour on it. The serious injury to children resulting from these Soaps often remains unsuspected in spite of Nature's warnings, until the unhealthy and irritable condition of the Skin has developed into some unsightly disease, not infrequently baffling the skill of the most eminent Dermatologists.

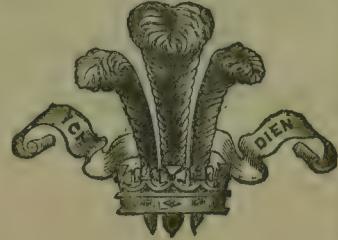
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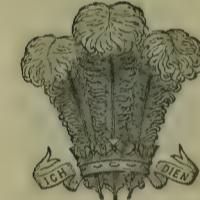
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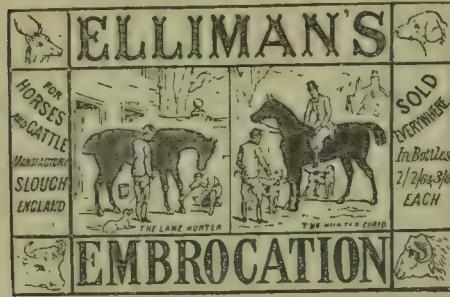
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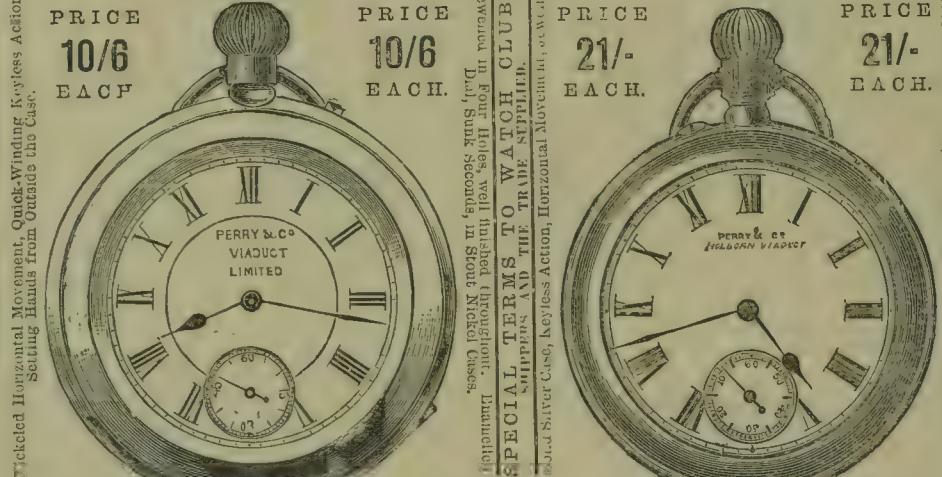
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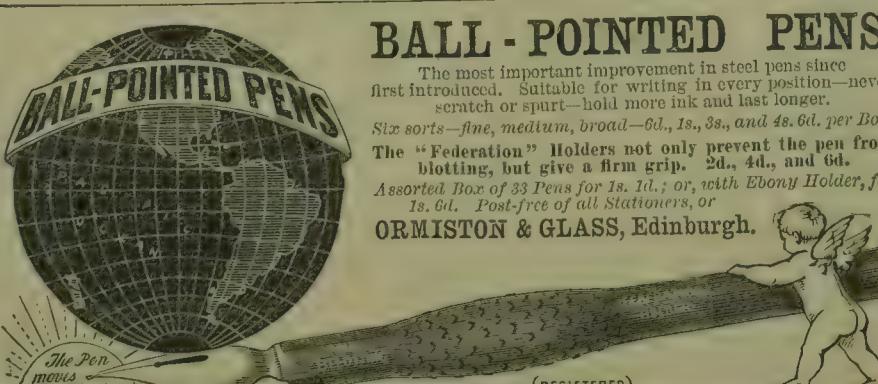
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## MULAI HASSAN, SULTAN OF MOROCCO.

His Shereefian Majesty Sidi Mulai Hassan, Sultan of Fez and Morocco, Taflet and Sus, was born in 1831, and succeeded to the throne on Sept. 20, 1873, on the death of the Sultan Sidi Mulai Mohammed. I had several opportunities of seeing his Majesty when I was in the city of Morocco, with the British Mission, in May last. The Sultan is of the race of Shereefs, or direct descendants of the Prophet, but has a good deal of black blood in him, for the mothers of his race have always been black slaves. He is over six feet in height, and very broad; but he looks as if he had, at one time, been enormously stout and had become thinner. He has a sallow complexion and pendulous cheeks, and his deeply-lined face gives one the idea of a man who is suffering from liver disease. His dress is the ordinary dress of the Moors: a plain white jelaba and turban indoors, over which is worn a haik and a hooded cloak (or sulam) out of doors, and common yellow slippers. There is no gold embroidery on his dress, for the Moors are prejudiced against such ornamentation, even their saddlery being plain, and draped only with silk of the most exquisite artistic colours; though the saddles they present to Ambassadors are lavishly embroidered and decorated with gold.

When the Sultan came to the throne, he very adroitly managed to secure his seat, after the Oriental fashion, by doing away with the heirs-apparent. He had several brothers, most of whom met with violent deaths. One was stabbed in a mosque; and another, the Sultan's favourite brother, was poisoned by a Circassian slave. This girl, who had been bought in Tripoli, was a chief favourite with the Sultan, and he presented her, as a mark of great honour, to his brother; but not long afterwards, the unfortunate recipient was found dead. His Majesty at once offered up thanksgivings in the mosque for this mercy, and sent a Kaid to bring the slave back to his palace, where she was received into the highest favour. Ten or twelve thousand pounds sterling were then divided among the body-guard, who had a fortnight's *tab-el-baroud*, or "powder-play," and feasting. They sat down by squadrons and gorged themselves till they could hardly move with mutton, chicken, and coos-coos, dripping with argan oil and rancid butter. Three or four Moors would finish off a dish heaped up several feet high, and containing enough food for a whole British company. One brother still survives. I saw him in the Atlas, where he had been sent by the Sultan on account of the inhabitants having made a difficulty about paying their taxes. His Majesty's brother was settling the matter by "eating up" the district.

The present Sultan is distinguished from all of his predecessors by his comparative willingness to introduce European civilisation into his dominions. During his reign the Moorish army has been completely reorganised; the infantry have been armed with Martini-Henrys, and the cavalry with Winchester rifles; Krupp guns have been purchased; and a great deal of machinery for the manufacture of rifles and cartridges has been obtained, although the greater part of it is never used, and the fragments of a large steam-engine lie buried in the sand on the road from Mogador to Morocco city. The Sultan also sent some of his subjects to Europe and America to learn the use of Frankish machines; but these men became discontented with Morocco after getting acquainted with European ways, and either fled the country or were thrown into prison for being so impudent as to urge that Morocco was behindhand, and stood in need of reform in many ways. The Sultan has refused to grant any concession for a railway in his dominions, and his aversion from steam-engines has its comical side, for he imagines that Europeans have only got to put any sort of steam-engine on wheels to have a railway ready made. Still, he has set up an engine at Rabat, for grinding corn, which is worked by an Englishman, who, having adopted Mohammedanism and married a very handsome Moorish wife, is known by the name of Abdul-Kerim Grant. The Sultan is constantly pestered by Europeans who want to sell rifles, cannon, and Brummagem merchandise of all sorts, at exorbitant prices. A great deal of fraud is committed by European and American commercial travellers, who persuade the Moors to give orders for goods whether they want them or not, and then demand money from the Moorish Government through their Consuls. These men induce the Moors to buy their wares by the offer of long credit and easy terms, and then send in the bills to their Consuls, proving the orders and the delivery of the goods. The Consuls are obliged to attest the claim and send it in to the Government, which pays the amount, and then throws the luckless buyers into prison until it has squeezed the uttermost farthing out of them. Although the Sultan has strictly forbidden the sale of European arms to his subjects, Winchester rifles are sold in Morocco city for £14; so, as these weapons sell in Europe for from £4 to £5, the sellers make a very handsome profit out of the natives. The extent of this contraband traffic may be judged from the fact that in the Riff mountains alone there are over 10,000 of these rifles; and so great is the desire to possess a Winchester rifle that an ingenious Moor at Alcazar once set to work to make some of these weapons by hand, copying their smallest details with the utmost fidelity; however, though their appearance was all that could be desired, their shooting was so bad, and the expense of making them so great, that the Moor gave up their manufacture.

It is owing to Kaid Maclean's influence that the Sultan has armed his troops with the latest breechloaders. Kaid Maclean has won the Sultan's complete confidence, and is looked upon by his Imperial master as a true friend and a trustworthy, honest man. He has devoted his life to reorganising the Moorish army under circumstances of the utmost difficulty; but, in spite of the opposition, open and secret, of the Court officials, he has been very successful, and would be able to place from thirty to forty thousand well-armed, well-drilled infantry and artillery into the field, besides an efficient transport, which has been organised by his brother, Kaid Captain Alan Maclean, who won his laurels in South Africa with his own troop of horse. The Sultan lives a plain, homely life, and sends for Kaid Maclean at all hours of the day or night. The Kaid would bound up from dinner with the British Mission with an "Oh, my conscience!" to go at a gallop to the palace on the Sultan's summons, perhaps to assist in solving some important State question, perhaps to mend or trim a patent European lamp which had gone wrong and puzzled the slaves in attendance. In fact, this "I want to speak to you for five seconds" of the Sultan's became quite a joke with us, although it really makes Kaid Maclean's life very hard, as he never knows at what hour he may have to rush off to the palace. Sometimes, too, in these piping times of peace, Kaid Alan is allowed, by way of a treat, to drive some of the ladies of the harem round the palace garden in an ambulance waggon.

The Grand Vizier, Sidi Garneet, is a selfish and bigoted Mohammedan, who has often persuaded the Sultan to be as hard and extortionate as himself. He is very conceited, and puts on a tremendous amount of "side," especially with Europeans. He makes £18,000 a year from his salary and extortions, but he spends every farthing of it on feasting, musicians, dancing-girls, and the like, well knowing that

if he got a reputation for saving and the Sultan was hard up, he would be thrown into prison, and all his ill-gotten gains squeezed out of him. On the other hand, the Sultan is kind and generous for an Oriental potentate. For example, during the last famine the Jews of Morocco city (or Maraksh, as the Moors call it) borrowed large sums of money to be repaid by yearly instalments, and paid pretty regularly until the present year, when they were unable to raise the money. They, therefore, went to the Sultan and asked for time. Mulai Hassan, after making inquiry as to the state of trade and commerce, to the astonishment of the deputation wiped off the debt of this year and of the next two years, and dismissed them in the kindest manner possible, with wishes for their prosperity.

Some of the presents given to the Sultan by the Mission were very ridiculous, and only fit to amuse the ladies of the harem. His Majesty's face was a study of scarcely veiled contempt when he saw the bicycle race between two little tin figures spinning round a pivot by clockwork, and a Cleopatra with a mechanical asp, that might have been on the top of a barrel-organ or a minor attraction at a country fair. Some of the gifts were very good; but we have sadly fallen off in the matter of presents, in contradistinction to the French, who are very particular and tasteful in selecting gifts, and always leave the choice of them to the Minister who has to offer them.

The Moors have their own notions of diplomatic honour; though "honour," I understand, is a word they have not got in their dictionary. The Grand Viziers consider that every Ambassador has his price, and once upon a time a Grand Vizier went to the Minister of a foreign Power and offered him £10,000 to drop a certain question. Insulted at being offered a bribe, the Ambassador broke out into strong language, as was his habit, and so astonished the Grand Vizier that the latter exclaimed, "But if it is not enough we can make it more!" As the Ambassador became inarticulate, and showed strong symptoms of having an apoplectic fit, the Grand Vizier saw that he had made a mistake, and apologised, saying,

"But all your colleagues have taken it!"

"Impossible!" cried the Ambassador, "not one of them would do so!"

"All of them invariably have," reiterated the Moor.

"All of them?"

"All except one!"

R. CATON WOODVILLE.

*Pump Court*, the Temple newspaper and review, appears now as a weekly journal. In the first number, issued this week, appears a facsimile of the anonymous letter to Lord Monteagle, by means of which the Gunpowder Plot was frustrated. This is the commencement of a series of facsimiles of historical documents which will appear weekly.

A splendid addition to her Majesty's presents has been made by the Sultan of Johore, who ordered an exact model, in fine gold and enamel, 24 inches high, of the Albert Memorial, to be executed by Mr. J. W. Benson, of Old Bond-street. The numerous details of that elaborate work of art have been reproduced, and the model will doubtless be one of the most valued presents in the entire collection.

At a meeting held at the Harwich Town Hall, on the 19th inst., a large silver loving-cup, subscribed for by about ninety of the principal inhabitants of the borough, was presented to the Mayor, Alderman John Henry Vaux, J.P., in recognition of his services to the borough during the Jubilee year. A bracelet, set with pearls and diamonds, was also handed to his Worship for his wife.

The Great Eastern steamer was offered for sale by auction in Liverpool on the 20th inst. by Messrs. Killock and Co. The first offer was £15,000, which speedily mounted by bids of £1000 to £21,000, at which figure the vessel was knocked down to Mr. Craik, manager to the late owner, Mr. Worsley, of Manchester, who gave £26,000 for the vessel twelve months ago. The sale was by order of the mortgagees.

An admirable invention for automatically extinguishing lighted paraffin lamps, if dropped or knocked over, has been produced by Mr. Edward Phillips, of No. 1, Holborn-viaduct. This self-extinguishing lamp, named "The Shaftesbury Safety Lamp," is simple in construction, and is supplied in various forms and at various prices—some elegant table-lamps, and others of a plain pattern, to be carried in the hand—safety being the characteristic of all.

The marriage of Mr. Thelluson Rowley, eldest son of Sir Charles Rowley, Bart., of Tendring Hall, Suffolk, with the Hon. Louisa Brownlow, recently Maid-of-Honour to her Majesty, third daughter of the late Lord Lurgan, and sister to the present peer, took place at St. Stephen's Church, South Kensington, on the 19th inst. Colonel Rowley, Grenadier Guards, acted as his brother's best man; and there were six bridesmaids—namely, the Hon. Isabella, the Hon. Clementina, and the Hon. Emmeline Brownlow, three sisters of the bride; Miss Cholmeley and Miss Littleton, nieces of the bridegroom; and Miss Minnie Brownlow, cousin of the bride. The bride was accompanied to the church by her brother, Lord Lurgan, who gave her away. The service was choral. The Queen presented the bride with a pearl brooch, a large photograph of her Majesty framed in silver, and a Balmoral rug.

The Mayor of Oxford, Alderman James Hughes, opened on the 20th inst. the new aqueduct which has been constructed for the improvement of the water supply of Oxford. The new system by which water is brought through pipes from the Thames above Oxford for four miles will provide for four million gallons per day, delivered into the lake, from which it can be pumped on to the filter-beds, or a daily supply of two and a half million gallons direct on to the beds, which is more than double the quantity required for present needs. The water is proved by analysis to be of the highest excellence. At a luncheon given by the Mayor subsequently in the Town-hall, Sir H. Acland contrasted what he termed the frightful state of the water supply in Oxford forty years ago with the perfect supply now completed. This was also a subject of congratulation by various speakers.

The Lord Chief Justice of England was installed President of the Exeter Literary Society on the 20th inst., and devoted his inaugural address to the life of his predecessor, the late Earl of Iddesleigh. Lord Coleridge said he first knew him as a child, but more intimately at Eton, whence they passed on together to Oxford. Sir Stafford Northcote distinguished himself alike in study and sport; he was a sound scholar, a good oar, a good hockey player, and a remarkably fast runner. He was noted for the ease with which he mastered everything without sacrificing social and other pleasures. As a French scholar he had few equals; as an English scholar all knew him. In the Parliamentary arena he was perfectly competent to hold his own; and opponents, however powerful, always felt that Sir Stafford Northcote was one with whom they must deal respectfully. Whatever opinion Sir Stafford formed, he was always animated by unbending integrity and stainless honour. Sir Stafford was to the last a stanch Freerader. If one looked back over the reforms of the past thirty years, he would find that to him was due the guidance for many of the wisest changes in our international administration. One quality of Dr. Johnson was lacking in Sir Stafford, for he was a very poor hater.

## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The Scotch Confirmation, under Seal of Office of the Commissariat of the county of Edinburgh, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated April 7, 1885) of Mr. Alexander Campbell, of the firm of Messrs. A. Campbell and Co., brewers, Edinburgh, late of Cammo, and of No. 6, Charlotte-square, Edinburgh, who died on June 12 last, granted to William Gray Campbell, the son, Archibald Brown, Alexander Moncrieff, Charles Steuart, jun., and Archibald Steuart, the surviving executors nominate, was resealed in London on the 17th inst., the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £90,000.

The will (dated Jan. 2, 1884) of Mr. Montague Halford, late of Cannon-street, merchant, and of No. 3, Kensington-gardens-terrace, who died on Aug. 29 last, at West Brighton, was proved on the 19th inst. by Augustus Lawrence Halford, the son, and Arthur Halford, the nephew, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £64,000. The testator bequeaths £100 each to the Jewish Board of Guardians (Devonshire-square, Bishopsgate), the Jews' Orphan Asylum and Hospital (Norwood), and the Jews' Free School (Bell-lane, Spitalfields); £50 each to the Jews' Blind Asylum (London), the Westminster Jews' Free School (Greek-street, Soho), the Jews' Infant School (Commercial-street), the London Hospital, the Jews' Aged and Needy Institution (Goodman's-fields), the Jews' Stepney-green School, and the Bayswater Jewish School; £300, and all his furniture, plate, pictures, books, jewellery, wines, effects, horses and carriages, to his wife, Mrs. Rachel Halford; his residence, with the stables, and £25,000; upon trust, for his wife, for life; £1000, upon trust, for his sister, Mrs. Spier, and her two daughters; £15,000 to each of his two sons, Augustus Lawrence and Walter Jonas, to equal the amount he settled on his daughter, Mrs. Sophie Meyer, on her marriage; and £100 to his nephew and executor, Mr. Arthur Halford. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his said three children.

The will (dated Feb. 12, 1844), with seven codicils (dated Feb. 8, 1861; June 4, 1869; April 13, 1870; May 16, 1872; Feb. 12, 1877; April 8, 1878; and Aug. 23, 1880), of the Rev. John Edward Gray, late of Wembley Park, Middlesex, who died on the 10th ult., was proved on the 15th inst. by the Rev. Edward Gray, the son, Richard Melville Beachcroft, and the Rev. Edward Bower Whyley, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £42,000. The testator gives a few pecuniary and specific legacies, and, subject thereto, leaves all his real and personal estate, upon various trusts, for the benefit of his son and five daughters; and he exercises the power of appointment vested in him by his marriage settlement in their favour. Full power is given to his trustees to deal with the Wembley Park estate and other property, by sale, leasing, or otherwise.

The will (dated Oct. 24, 1881) of Mrs. Marianne Bonnin, late of No. 153, Beverley-road, Kingston-on-Hull, who died on the 14th ult., at Hornsea, was proved on the 18th inst. by Mrs. Anne King, the sister, the value of the personal estate exceeding £37,000. The testatrix's sister Margaret Firbank, to whom she left all her property, having died in her lifetime, her personalty becomes divisible among her next of kin.

The will (dated Feb. 3, 1881), with two codicils (dated July 4, 1882, and Dec. 7, 1885), of Mrs. Anna Elliott, formerly of Brighton, but late of Lauderdale, Bournemouth, Hants, who died on Aug. 25 last, was proved on the 17th inst. by the Rev. Francis Thomas Clark Margetts, and Miss Caroline Holroyd, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £29,000. The testatrix leaves £1000 each to Müller's Orphanage, Ashley Down, near Bristol, and the Royal Hospital for Incurables, Putney, to be applied in supporting the Elliott Ward; £400 to the London Bible Domestic Female Mission—£200 to the Sick and Relief Fund, and the other £200 for the general purposes of the Mission; £300 each to the Brighton Female Penitent Home and the Convalescent Home at Blackrock, Brighton; £100 each to the Field-lane Ragged Schools and Night Refuges for the Homeless in London, the British and Foreign Bible Society, and to Mr. Moon, of Brighton, to be applied as he shall think fit in aid of his work for the blind; £50 to Dr. Barnardo's Home for Destitute Children; her hereditaments and land at Boddicote, Oxfordshire, and Longbridge, Warwickshire, and £6500 to Thomas Palmer Parr Marsh, M.D.; her land at Counden, Warwickshire, to Sarah Ann Goate; £2000 to her servant, Louisa Cox; her house in Regency-square, Brighton, and £5200 railway stock, upon trust, for Mrs. Caroline Holroyd, for life, and then for Mrs. Margetts and Miss Caroline Holroyd; and other legacies. The residue of her real and personal estate she gives to the said Rev. F. T. C. Margetts and Miss Holroyd.

The will of General David Simpson, late of No. 42, Leinster-gardens, Hyde Park, who died at Harrogate, was proved on the 5th inst. by David Elliott Lockhart and Francis Archer Upton, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £26,000. The testator gives £2000 and all his household furniture and effects to his wife, and the income of the remainder of his property, for life; at her death he gives considerable legacies, and the residue of his Scotch property to the said David Elliott Lockhart. He appoints David Elliott Lockhart, Francis Archer Upton, Robert Dundas Elliott Lockhart, and Charles Elliott Lockhart residuary legatees of his English and any other property.

The will (dated March 22, 1879), with a codicil (dated Dec. 18, 1885), of Mrs. Emma Mary Blackett, formerly of No. 30, Sussex-place, Onslow-square, but late of Lissenden, Branksome Wood, Bournemouth, who died on Aug. 7 last, was proved on the 11th inst. by Miss Margaret Elliot, the sister, the sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £19,000. The testatrix bequeaths her ready money and securities for money, representing the value of the property left to her by her late husband, Montagu Blackett, upon trust, to pay £400 thereout to her maid, and the income of the remainder to her said sister, for life, and at her death the capital to Mrs. Frances Mary Du Quaire, her late husband's sister. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves to her said sister absolutely.

Letters of Administration of the personal estate of Mr. Augustus Frederick Gore, C.M.G., late of No. 94, Ebury-street, Pimlico, formerly Lieutenant-Governor of St. Vincent, in the West Indies, who died on the 21st ult., intestate, were granted, on the 19th inst., to Miss Cecilia Emily Gore, the daughter, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £6000.

Sir Richard Webster opened the Royal Victoria Pier, Ventnor, on the 19th inst., in the presence of a large assemblage of persons. In the evening the pier was illuminated with Japanese lanterns. A banquet was also held to celebrate the event, and the town was gaily decorated.

The Chester Cheese Fair was held on the 19th inst., when there was a large attendance of buyers from all the large towns in Lancashire, Cheshire, Yorkshire, and the Midlands. The pitch of cheese was enormous, occupying almost the entire space of the Market Hall.



MULAI HASSAN, THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO.



A FAVOURITE SLAVE.—DRAWN BY G. L. SEYMOUR.

## NEW BOOKS.

*My Autobiography and Reminiscences.* By W. P. Frith, R.A. Two vols. (R. Bentley and Son).—The personal and social experiences of successful artists frequently abound in observations and anecdotes of contemporary life and of individual character that are more entertaining than usually occur to members of special professions. A painter's course of studies, beyond the technical mysteries which only practical students of drawing and colouring are really acquainted with, deals with no profound abstractions, but with the ever-interesting spectacle of nature; and, in the case of the portrait painter, the historical painter, or the designer of groups and scenes illustrating the domestic habits and sentiments of mankind, it is human nature that he has to study. Mr. Frith is one who has achieved great popularity by his representations of striking incidents of common occurrence in modern English society, imaginative types of characters and classes belonging to this generation, and dramatic subjects of higher comedy drawn from our best novelists and other favourite authors. His attention has been constantly directed to the outward aspects of social life, and he has enjoyed much private intercourse with men engaged in the literary delineation of its characteristic features. Being himself, as these volumes prove, a very agreeable writer, with a delightful vein of humour, and remarkable tact in avoiding or repressing any touch of self-commendation, he has produced an exceedingly pleasant work of autobiography. Books of this kind are not always pleasant; but the air of candour and frankness, his amiable confession of some failures, his spirit of brotherly fellowship with other artists, and the considerate gentleness with which he speaks of them, while he has not a little scorn for the trickery, the meanness, and the ignorant pretentiousness, of certain dealers, patrons, and critics, will make this book acceptable to many true lovers of the craft. It is naturally, on the whole, a cheerful narrative; for the author seems to have been spared, by family circumstances, the severe early struggle with poverty which some other painters of equal talent have endured; he did not lose much time or labour in works uncongenial to the public taste of his day; he soon chose a line of art which, though not the highest in ideal dignity, was in correspondence with the mental habits of his generation; and, practising this with great skill, care, and industry, won the favour of fashion and wide popular applause. Mr. Frith, born in January, 1819, was son of the prosperous landlord of the old Dragon Inn at Harrogate; at the age of sixteen, he was brought to London, and became a pupil of Mr. Sass's school of art in Charlotte-street, Bloomsbury; he was afterwards a student of the Royal Academy. His reminiscences of those years of studentship, which were happy and merry, are not the least amusing part of this history. He saw a few of the elder artists of eminence, Wilkie, Constable, Etty, Martin, and Eastlake; while Millais, John Phillip, and others who became known later, were among his fellow-students. He began to work at his profession by painting, for a modest remuneration, portraits of some worthy people in Lincolnshire, to whose houses he got a circular introduction. In 1837, on the death of his father, came the removal of his mother and her family to London, and Mr. Frith lived with them in Osnaburgh-street, Regent's Park. His first "subject-pictures," from Scott, Shakespeare, and the "Vicar of Wakefield," fetched small prices, till he got a hundred guineas for that of Squire Thornhill and Olivia standing to measure their tallness against each other, which was placed "on the line" at the Academy Exhibition; and £100 for a large composition of the characters in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," very badly hung in the Octagon Room. Then, in 1842, he painted the charming "Dolly Varden"; and the author of "Barnaby Rudge" wrote to the young artist, desiring him to do two small companion pictures, one of Dolly Varden, the other of Kate Nickleby. "My mother and I," says Mr. Frith, "cried over that letter; and the wonder is that anything is left of it, for I showed it to every friend I had, and was admired and envied by all." The two little pictures, for which Dickens paid £40, were sold after his death for 1300 guineas. They procured for Mr. Frith the personal friendship of the great novelist; and he might have had that of Thackeray, if he had not, with rather excessive sensitiveness, been offended by an expression of rude jocularity at their first meeting. Mr. Frith had two pictures "on the line" next year, followed by his "Village Pastor," from Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," which brought him £200 and his election to be an Associate of the Royal Academy. His example, for some time, in devoting himself to the illustration of the best literary conceptions, the ideas of great imaginative humourists, Shakespeare, Cervantes, Molière, Addison, Smollett, Sterne, Walter Scott, and Dickens, is deserving of commendation. Up to the year 1851 these subjects furnished the chief employment of his pencil. While he had begun as a follower of Maclise in the composition of large pictures with many figures, he constantly strove to improve his style of treatment, and spared no pains to get suitable living models. But he long hesitated to venture on the new experiment of filling a crowded canvas with figures in the commonplace dress of his own day; and his "Coming of Age," finished in April, 1849, showed a careful and accurate study of Elizabethan costumes. He exhibited, in the same year, a scene from "Don Quixote," which added to his reputation; but his admiration for Hogarth, as the great realistic painter of contemporary life and manners in the last century, was probably leading Mr. Frith to that walk of art. His picture of 1850, "Hogarth before the Governor of Calais," was a tribute to the beloved memory of the great English master. About this time, Mr. Frith was promoted to the rank of R.A.; three or four years later, he served on the Hanging Committee, of whose procedure he gives us an account, candidly admitting the notorious faults in its actual operation. In September, 1851, during a holiday sojourn at Ramsgate, he found there, on the "Sands," which he rendered so famous, materials for the first of his celebrated works representing popular life in England, the life of Londoners, though sometimes out of London, at the present time. "The Seaside," or "Ramsgate Sands," was his main employment for two years and a half; it was exhibited in 1854. Some of us can well remember the effect that it produced on the less aesthetic part of the community, and the controversies to which it gave rise among the learned connoisseurs of high art. That it was a production of rare talent and of painstaking industry, with absolute fidelity to its particular aim, was never denied. It was sold to Messrs. Lloyd for a thousand guineas, which was a very moderate payment for the vast labour; the Queen, a good judge of art, wanted to buy it, but was too late. Mr. Frith had now won his own chosen and peculiar field of battle; his next grand victory was with "The Derby Day," painted for his old friend and amateur fellow-student, Mr. Jacob Bell, at the price of £1500, besides £1500 given by Mr. Gambart for copyright for the engraving. The artist's first visit to Epsom Downs was in 1856; he began to paint the picture in January of the next year, and it was exhibited in 1858, when the crowding to see it was so perilous that the Royal Academy Council were obliged to allow it to be protected by an iron railing, which had not been done since 1822. It was much approved by her Majesty and by the Prince Consort. Between the laborious

execution of these difficult and complex works, including "The Railway Station," which was commenced in August, 1860, Mr. Frith took some well-earned rest, but painted a faithful and lifelike portrait of Dickens, and his "Claude Duval" picture also, which he considered a better piece of art than "The Derby Day." "The Railway Station," finished in March, 1862, had been a commission from Mr. Flatow for the large sum of £4500; and £750 was added by subsequent agreement, when Mr. Frith gave up his right to send it to the Academy Exhibition, Mr. Flatow making a separate exhibition of it, to get subscribers for the engraving. In August, 1862, Mr. Gambart agreed to pay £10,000 for three pictures of London street life—"Morning," "Noon," and "Night," in Regent-street and the Haymarket; but Mr. Frith was prevented from doing these by a Royal command to paint the "Marriage of the Prince and Princess of Wales" for the Queen. His anecdotes of the kindly simplicity and domestic cheerfulness of the members of the Royal family, who gave him sittings at Windsor Castle, are told in a pleasing manner; but he is not blind to the affectations of some fashionable folk. For several years after producing "The Railway Station," he was in want of a big subject of that class, and would have given £200 for an acceptable suggestion. The Oxford and Cambridge boat-race on the Thames, the Eton and Harrow cricket-match at Lord's, the Tichborne trial, and Mr. Whiteley's shop in Westbourne-grove filled with customers, were among those proposed to him. But he declined these, and fell back on English classics, doing Boswell, Johnson, and Garrick, Lady Wortley Montague, Sterne's "Maria" with her goat, Nell Gwynne selling oranges, Sir Roger De Coverley, a scene from one of Vanbrugh's comedies, Henry VIII. with Anne Boleyn, a scene from "Kenilworth," and one from "Twelfth Night." In the meantime, in 1875, he travelled in Italy, with Mrs. Frith and his daughters; he had many years before, with Mr. Frank Stone and Mr. Augustus Egg, seen the picture-galleries of Holland and Belgium. "The Road to Ruin," a series of five events in the life of a gambler and betting man, exhibited in 1878, had been preceded by the "Salon d'Or," a gambling scene at Homburg; and the artist should be credited with a salutary moral purpose. The same motive is apparent in "The Race for Wealth," which represents, likewise in five scenes or acts, the career of a fraudulent promoter of bubble joint-stock companies, the distress of his victims, and, finally, his consignment to jail. Mr. Frith has painted in latter years several pictures of merit; and "The Private View," in 1883, containing portraits of many personages well known in society, naturally attracted some attention. But the greater part of the second volume of this autobiography consists of various discursive recollections of the queer ways of male and female models, the tactics of notable picture-dealers, the ignorant mistakes of buyers or inheritors of pictures, and a few startling adventures that have been privately related to him; a story of madness, a ghost story, and a sad one of the suicide of a young married lady who took to drinking. The author has, of course, had a pretty large acquaintance not only with the artists, but also with the men of letters, the actors, and the agreeable social companions of his generation. His reports of their behaviour and conversation are quite as free as the public could rightly expect.

*Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson: an Historical Biography.* By J. C. Jeaffreson. Two vols. (Hurst and Blackett).—It is much to be regretted that the two persons named in this title were ever associated with each other. Emma Hamilton, indeed, had in her youth a beautiful face, which we can all admire in Romney's pictures; but she had no mental qualities deserving of regard, and did not really perform, as she was supposed to have done, actions of historical importance. It is perhaps necessary, if she is to be remembered at the present day, that the facts of her life should be simply and plainly recorded. Amy, Emily, or Emma Lyon was born of humble parentage at Neston, in Cheshire, in 1765. At the age of sixteen, she was seduced by a naval officer, being then nursemaid in the family of a medical gentleman in London. After her disgrace, leaving her first child to the care of her grandmother in the country, she was introduced "by a lady of fashion"—whose real character and function may be surmised—to Sir Harry Fetherstonhaugh, Bart., of Up Park, Sussex. He kept her nearly a year, and dismissed her when about to have another child. She had, besides, several other "confidential admirers," as Mr. Jeaffreson euphemistically puts it, one of whom was the Hon. Charles Greville, second son of the Earl of Warwick. In the spring of 1782, Mr. Greville took this girl to live with him, at a house on Paddington-green. Her name was then changed from Amy or Emily Lyon to Emma Hart. She was utterly uneducated; and her mother, whose proper name was Mrs. Duggen, but who now called herself Mrs. Cadogan, approved of the way in which the girl was living, received money from her temporary possessors, arranged for the care of the two children, and served as cook in Mr. Greville's house. This went on during four years; an account of the young woman's life in London, with visits to North Wales and Cheshire, where her family seem to have congratulated her and themselves on her position, fills eight chapters, nearly half the first volume, of Mr. Jeaffreson's book. The Hon. Charles Greville at length found it inconvenient to keep her as his companion. He was a member of Parliament, and hoped for a well-paid office, which he did not get till some years later, that of Vice-Chamberlain. He had only £500 a year, was a man of fashion, and was addicted to purchasing works of art. He was in debt at least £6000, and naturally consulted his uncle, Sir William Hamilton, the British Ambassador at Naples, who owned a Welsh estate producing £5000 a year. This estate Mr. Greville expected to be left to him when his uncle should die, and so it was eventually; but, in the meantime, Mr. Greville was deeply embarrassed. Sir William came to England, saw his nephew, and saw the beautiful Emma Hart. A remarkable game of mutual purposes and cordial motives was played between the uncle and the nephew. Sir William, as he avowed, had married a Welsh heiress, whom he did not love, to get her estate; he had one child, a daughter, who died in 1775. Mr. Greville was extremely anxious to prevent his uncle marrying again, lest he might have an heir who would cut the nephew out of the succession to that property. He wished, therefore, to induce the elderly gentleman to content himself with "the other thing," by which he meant a person like Emma Hart. On the other hand, Sir William urged his nephew to follow his own example in marrying a young lady with a fortune. Mr. Greville was quite ready to do that, and to get rid of Emma, with a view to it. He did, indeed, backed up by his uncle, apply to Lord Middleton, who had a daughter and her £20,000 to dispose of. It was then arranged that the nephew, a man thirty-five years of age, should hand over his human plaything, like any other pretty domestic animal, to his worthy uncle, whose age was fifty-five; while the uncle joined in a bond for £6000 to enable Mr. Greville to get rid of his pressing creditors. Sir William returned to Naples; Emma Hart was sent out there, ostensibly to be taught music and singing, and became the mistress of the old diplomatist, who did not marry her until 1791, five years later. The subsequent career of this woman,

whom Nelson met at Naples in 1793, and who beguiled him into adultery, it seems, during an excursion to Malta in May, 1800, was such as to deprive her of the compassion that might be allowed to the errors of her early youth. She became a favourite of the vicious Neapolitan Court, and was, during the senile imbecility of her husband, made the tool of Queen Maria Caroline, against the Revolutionary party and its French supporters. The flight of the Court to Palermo, in December, 1798, and its return in the following summer, was performed under the protection of the British fleet; and Lady Hamilton was at that time employed in communicating messages of some importance. Her greatest alleged services were that of procuring from the Queen an order, in 1798, for supplying water and provisions at Syracuse to Nelson's fleet, on its way to fight the battle of the Nile; and that of giving information to the British Government, in 1796, of the intention of the King of Spain to declare war against England. Mr. Jeaffreson furnishes sufficient grounds for believing that these were the voluntary acts of the Queen of Naples, and that Lady Hamilton's part in them has been much overrated. On the other hand, he disproves, to our satisfaction, the charge against Lady Hamilton of having used any influence that she possessed in aggravating the severities practised on the Neapolitan leaders of the Revolution in July, 1799; while he shows that Admiral Caracciolo had a fair trial, by naval court-martial, for manifest treason to his Sovereign, and that Nelson was free from responsibility for the execution of the sentence. The chapters relating these transactions make nearly half the second volume; and Mr. Jeaffreson gives an acute discussion of them, exposing the mistakes of Southey, Alison, and other standard authors. But with the arrival of Sir William and Lady Hamilton in England, accompanied by Lord Nelson, in November, 1800, begins the most painful and shameful part of the biography. The originally noble, upright, frank, and generous nature of our great naval hero, who had been a most affectionate husband of an amiable and devoted wife, was corrupted by the merciful artifices of his Delilah, till he became guilty of cruel injustice and of the meanest tricks of shallow concealment. Their child Horatia was born in Sir William Hamilton's house, in January, 1801, apparently unknown to Sir William, and was instantly smuggled into the custody of a nurse in Little Titchfield-street, while Nelson and Lady Hamilton kept up a secret correspondence under the names of "Mr. and Mrs. Thomson." Nelson had lost no time in driving his own wife from his presence; he set up a separate household at Merton, in Surrey, and took the Hamiltons there to live with him. Sir William, who died in April, 1803, failing in body and mind, never seemed to be aware that serious wrong had been done him, but gently complained of want of attention from his wife, and begged for a quiet life in his last days. He left her a provision of £800 a year for life, and property to the value of £5800; besides which, Nelson allowed her £1200 a year till he was killed at Trafalgar, Oct. 21, 1805, and bequeathed her a legacy of £2000, a further annuity of £500 for life, the interest of £4000 settled on Horatia, and his property at Merton, worth £10,000 or £12,000. Yet we are informed that within two years and a half of Nelson's death she owed £8000 to her creditors, and had borrowed on the security of annuities, to pay off which required £10,000 more. She persisted for years in demanding a pension from Government, which was, in our judgment, very properly refused; and in 1813 she was arrested for debt, and resided ten months within "the rules" of the King's Bench. But she was never reduced to extreme poverty; and up to her death, which took place at Calais, in January, 1815, received the £200 a year from Horatia's money, besides what she could raise on her interest in the several annuities then suspended for the debts that she owed. Lady Hamilton, indeed, merits none of our sympathy. She was, after she lost the bloom of youthful beauty, a rather vulgar, fat, ungraceful, loud and violent woman, eating and drinking to excess, prodigal, boastful, and untruthful. If we mistake not, she was also heartless and selfish.

*St. Bernard's: The Romance of a Medical Student.* By Aesculapius Scalpel. One vol. (Swan Sonnenschein, Lowrey, and Co.).—Either of two painful alternative conclusions must be impressed on the mind of the reader who has perused this story. He will be led to think, in the one case, that a writer possessed of extensive and exact knowledge of various details in the science and practice of medicine and surgery, and who has evidently been admitted behind the scenes in some great medical school connected with one of the London hospitals, is guilty of a false and malignant libel on the class of professional gentlemen, amongst whom are many held in the highest social esteem, forming the household staff and the teaching staff at those institutions; or he will, on the other hand, be roused to alarm and indignation—for which we do not know that there is any real cause—by the exhibition of horrible abuses, wilful and deliberate cruelties, needless tortures and mutilations, and even reckless homicides, in the customary treatment of hospital patients, who are described as being habitually made the victims of the scientific experimentalists, and of the demonstrators of anatomy and pathology, for the mere purpose of academic exercise and instruction. We, certainly, do not believe this to be the fact, in any hospital which has a school of surgery attached to it, either in London or in any other town; but it seems to us that some notice should be taken of injurious calumnies, so precise and circumstantial as to make the identification of the hospital possible: a belief which, permitted to spread, would tend to deprive all hospitals of charitable pecuniary support. It is probable, indeed, that the author has not designed the individual characters of the different medical officers, Dr. Wilson, the house surgeon; Dr. Stanforth, the physician; Mr. Crowe, the lecturer on physiology; Mr. Walter Mole, his laboratory assistant, and several others, for real persons with whose conduct in the hospital he would claim to be acquainted; but, if he has not known any persons behaving so in those positions—and there is no reason to suppose that he has—he stands convicted of atrociously slandering the respectable class of accomplished professional men and valuable public servants concerned. The first 228 pages, at least, consist of above twenty chapters, written in a vigorous and incisive style, of direct assertions concerning the alleged enormous malpractices at the hospital here described, at a time which is fixed by reckoning a few years back from the recent visitation of the cholera in Spain, and by other historical events. These chapters must be considered apart from the remainder of the story, which relates the imaginary adventures of Harrowby Elsworth at Granada, his meeting with Miss Mildred Lee, who bestows her hand on the hero, and her wealth on the Nightingale Hospital projected by Sister Agnes. The narrative of Mr. Crowe's wicked application of impious scientific knowledge to the crime of poisoning his wife, and of its detection by the analytic chemist, may likewise be dismissed from our attention. The author, whatever he may be, remains under the grave moral and social responsibility of publishing statements which, if he cannot prove them in fact, will appear false, base, and malicious, and calculated to damage the most useful of our public institutions. Such an offence is rendered more disgusting by the parade of religious sentiment.